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THE

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FOR — PRIMARY
SUNDAY-SCHOOL
WORKERS — AND
JUNIOR ENDEAVOR
SOCIETIES — WITH
BLACKBOARD
SUGGESTIONS BY

BERTHA F. VELIA

BOSTON
THE PILGRIM PRESS
CHICAGO

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BIBLE STUDY SONGS

FOR

Junior Societies

Junior and Primary Sunday Schools

BY

BERTHA F. VELLA

AND

D. B. TOWNER

BOSTON

The Pilgrim Press

CHICAGO

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.V44

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BIBLE LESSON SONGS

By picture and song may sweet lessons be taught,
In every young heart may true wisdom be wrought;
Be every young life trained to earnest endeavor,
Looking ever to Jesus who faileth us never,
Entering into the joy that endureth forever.

Let all who take part in the lesson and song,
Established in wisdom, be faithful and strong;
Sincere in his service, and glad in the Lord,
Secure of receiving the promised reward.
Oh, let not these words ever lightly be spoken,
Nor pledges once taken be carelessly broken.

Sing, sing with the spirit the words of the song;
One listens above, to whom praises belong.
New lessons each day from the Word, here below,
God help you to learn, and his presence to know;
Still looking to Jesus, till like him you grow.

J. H. J.

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(OF SONGS WITH MUSIC)

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DUTIES OF JUNIOR COMMITTEES

LOOKOUT COMMITTEE

THE Lookout Committee needs very sharp eyes,
To see where the need of true helpfulness lies.
When any are absent, the "Lookouts" must find
What keeps them away, and must put them in mind
Of their duty to come, while new memberships, too
Must be sought and reported by "Lookouts" most true.

PRAYER-MEETING COMMITTEE

The Junior Committee on meetings for prayer,
Must see that a leader is sure to be there;
Must be in their places to help from the start,
And keep a full record of those who take part.

BOOK COMMITTEE

This helpful committee must give out the books,
And rub out all marks that destroy their good looks;
Must see that all have them as long as they stay,
And after the meeting, put all books away.

SUNSHINE COMMITTEE

The Sunshine Committee must try to prevent
All troubles and quarrels, for sunbeams were meant
To brighten and sweeten each place where they fall,
And so this committee makes sunshine for all.
It must find out the needy, the sick and the sad,
Report to the leader, that help may be had;
And speak pleasant words that make cheerful and glad,
Get flowers and fruit, and distribute them, too,
And do the sweet things that all sunbeams should do.

SABBATH-SCHOOL COMMITTEE

This needful committee has this single rule,
To bring in new scholars to build up the school.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

The Social Committee has socials in charge,
And makes happy times for the little and large.
Newcomers at meetings the members must greet,
And heartily welcome the strangers they meet.

SCRAP-BOOK COMMITTEE

The Scrap-book Committee bright scrap-books must make,
And these to sick members and hospitals take.

MISSIONARY COMMITTEE

The duties are many, not one may we shirk;
To interest the members in all Mission Work,
The Home Work and Foreign, to aid as we can,
To help our own church in its labor and plan,
To get and give money, books, pictures, and all
For which we may hear any loud, earnest call.

BIRTHDAY COMMITTEE

The Birthday Committee must keep it in mind
The dates of the birthdays in season to find;
Remind those who have them their offerings to earn,
Report to the leader the dates that they learn,
That prayer may be offered as birthdays go past,
For blessings to come that forever shall last.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

NOTE. — Song, page 23, makes an appropriate close to this recitation by committees.

The Happy Sabbath Day

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Wel-come, wel - come, ho - ly Sab-bath, Hap-py day of joy and light;
2. Chim - ing bells, re - peat the mes-sage, Christ is in his house to - day;
3. Sing of Christ, our great Re-deem - er, For to - day he left the dead;
4. Gen - tle Je - sus, bend to lis - ten, Make us like thee, pure and mild;

In our Sab-bath home we gath - er, Hearts are gay, and fa - ces bright.
Come and meet him, come and meet him, Hear what Je - sus has to say.
Je - sus lives and loves for - ev - er, He is ris - en, as he said.
In thy love and ten - der mer - cy, Hear and bless each wait-ing child.

CHORUS

Welcome, welcome, day of glad-ness, When we meet to praise and pray;
Earth re - joic - es, hap-py voi - ces Greet the ho - ly Sab-bath day.

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Welcome Song

Mrs. C. A. Holmes — D. B. Towner

1. We come, we come with sing - ing, Our hap - py voi - ces
2. Dear Sa - viour, grant thy bless - ing, While we, our wants con -

ring - ing, Glad wel - come un - to all. We love to meet each
fess - ing, Un - to thee hum - bly call: Oh, bless us in our

oth - er, Each lit - tle friend and teach - er, We
prais - ing, Oh, help us in our pray - ing, And

rall.

love to meet our Sa - viour, The dear - est friend of all.
let us hear thee speak - ing, With - in these sa - cred walls.

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Ring Out the Name of Jesus

E. E. Hewitt — D. B. Towner

Allegro.

1. Ring out the name of Je - sus, Let all the peo - ple know 'T is
2. We lift his blood-stained ban - ner, His pre - cious name we bear, And
3. He knows the dan - gers round us, He knows the hid - den snare; Wher -

Christ, our Lord and Sa - viour, Who o - ver-comes the foe. We
press - ing to the con - flict, The gos - pel ar - mor wear. The
ev - er he shall lead us, Is safe - ty, on - ly there. The

fol - low at his bid - ding, We trust in him a - lone, And
shield of faith we car - ry, In bat - tling for the right, His
pow'r of his sal - va - tion Our joy - ful song shall be; We 'll

lift our loud ho - san - nas To him up - on the throne.
Word of Truth, our weap - on, His strength, our on - ly might.
watch and work for Je - sus, His ser - vants, glad and free.

This may be sung to the tune "Stand Up, stand Up for Jesus."

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Jesus, Thou Star of the Morning

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Je - sus, thou Star of the Morn - ing, Shine on earth's sor - row - ful night;
2. "Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace and good-will un - to men;"
3. Je - sus, thou Star of the Morn - ing, Still may thy glo - ri - ous ray,

Bring to us gladness, ban - ish all sad-ness, Let us re-joice in thy light.
Pub - lish the sto - ry, sing of his glo - ry, Tell it a - gain and a - gain.
Bring - ing sal - va - tion, shine on each na - tion, Turn-ing the dark-ness to day.

CHORUS

Won-der-ful, Counsellor, Al-might-y God, Fa-ther of life ev - er-last - ing a - bove,

Prince of Peace, with scep-ter of truth, Rule o'er the world by the pow'r of love.

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God the Giver

E. W. Denison — F. E. Belden

1. O world of light and glo - ry! O sky of cloud and blue! Thy
2. The trees and grass and flow - ers, The birds that sing his praise, The
3. He gave the pre - cious treas - ure Of home and lov'd ones dear, The

dai - ly song and sto - ry Is ev - er fresh and new.
gen - tle sum - mer show - ers, The shin - ing au - tumn days,
bless - ing and the pleas - ure That crown each hap - py year.

Then let us join the cho - rus, With voi - ces glad and clear,
From God's own hand are giv - en In lov - ing boun - ty free;
And, oh, be - yond our tell - ing, His on - ly Son he gave,

His love is watch - ing o'er us, Who sees a - far and near.
He made the earth and heav - en, He dwells with you and me.
All oth - er gifts ex - cel - ling, A sin - ful world to save.

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From "Bible Lesson Song Roll."

I Will Sing My Cheerful Song

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. T. BROWNE

1. In the hap - py sun - shine bright, I will sing my cheer-ful song;
2. When the way is clear be - fore, I will sing my cheer-ful song;
3. Je - sus knows the way I take, I will sing my cheer-ful song;

When the sun is hid from sight, I will sing my cheer-ful song.
When I see but one step more, I will sing my cheer-ful song.
Je - sus nev - er will for - sake, I will sing my cheer-ful song.

Ev - 'ry day, a - long the way, Wheth - er lights or shad - ows play,
Watch-ing still to do his will, Trust - ing him to keep from ill;
Al-ways near, his voice I hear, Per - fect love shall cast out fear;

To the Sav - iour I be - long, I will sing my cheer-ful song.
I am safe, for Christ is strong, I will sing my cheer-ful song.
Look - ing up - ward all day long, I will sing my cheer-ful song.

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The Lord's My Redeemer

MARY O. SPARROW — T. R. BOWDEN

1. The Lord's my Redeemer, my stronghold is he; My ref-uge to which in all tri-als I flee.
2. He shields me when sounds of the tempest I hear, He hides me when swift-rolling billows are near.
3. Oh! Sav-iour, Redeemer, my Help-er and Friend, On thee in all conflicts my soul doth depend.

He holds me, he helps me, he com-fort bestows; He calms each rude current which over me flows.
He cheers me in darkness surrounded by foes, And comforts my soul with the tho't that "He knows."
Di-rect me, con-trol me, per-fect me, I pray, Till with thee in glo-ry I'll praise thee for aye.

CHORUS

The Lord's . . . my Re-deem - er, My strong . . . tower is he; . . . .
The Lord's my Redeem-er, the Lord's my Redeemer, My strong tow'r is he, my strong tow'r is he;

My ref - - uge to which . . . in all tri - - als I flee. . . . .
My ref-uge is he, my ref-uge is he, To which in my tri-als for shel-ter I flee.

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Christ, Our Saviour

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. T. BROWNE

Allegro.

1. Crowned as King for - ev - er, High and ho - ly One,
2. On - ly Hope of heav - en, Gift be - yond com - pare,
3. In - fi - nite De - fend - er, On - ly Help - er true,

Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, May thy will be done.
Rest for all the wea - ry, Hear, O hear our prayer.
Read - y to re - deem us, Lord, our strength re - new.

Ev - er in - ter - ce - ding At the throne a - bove,
Strength of all the tempt - ed, Might - y still to save,
Name a - bove all oth - ers, Christ, the sin - ners' Friend,

Bear - ing sin and sor - row, Light of Truth and Love.
Pit - i - ful and ten - der, Lord, thy help we crave.
Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Keep us to the end.

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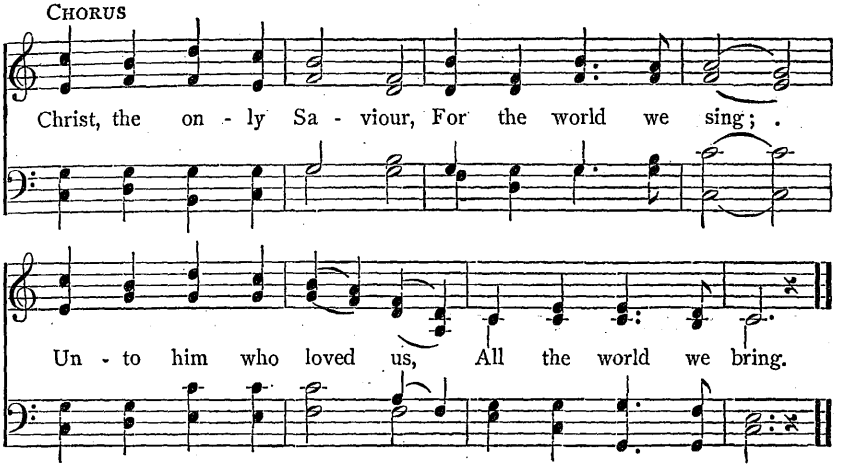
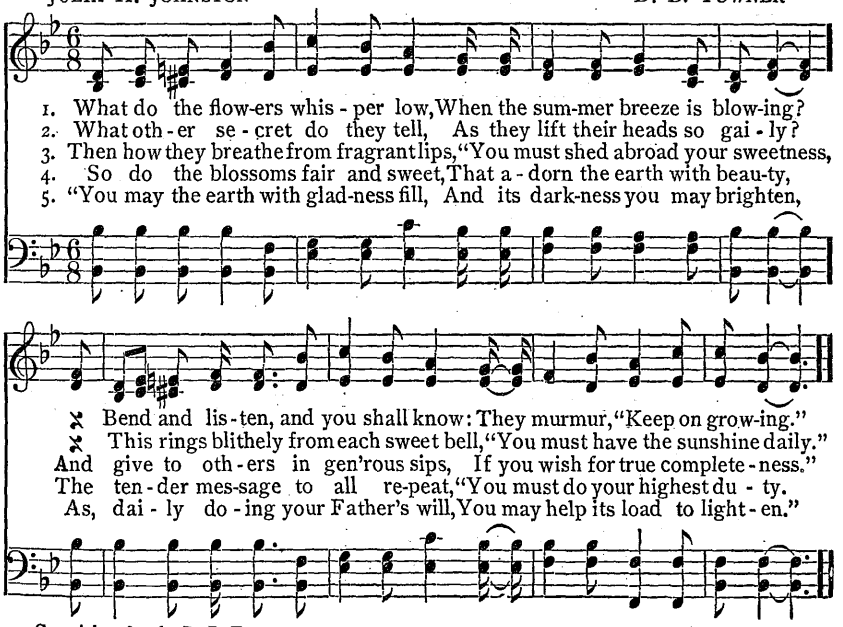
CHORUS



The Flowers' Message

JULIA H. JOHNSTON D. B. TOWNER



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Giving Thanks

Arr. by D. B. T. — D. B. Towner

Solo or Quartet — Chorus

1. For air and sun-shine pure and sweet, We thank our heav'n-ly
2. For leaf - y trees, with fruit and shade, We thank our heav'n-ly
3. For Je - sus, born a lit - tle child, We thank our heav'n-ly

Solo or Quartet.

Fa - ther; For grass that grows be - neath our feet,
Fa - ther; For things of beau - ty he hath made,
Fa - ther; For Je - sus, lov - ing, kind and mild,

Chorus — Chorus

We thank our heav'n-ly Fa - ther; For flow'rs that all a -
We thank our heav'n-ly Fa - ther; For dai - ly bless - ings,
We thank our heav'n-ly Fa - ther; For Je - sus Christ, the

round us bloom, That ev - er yield their sweet per - fume, For
full and free, For lead - ing when we can - not see, For
chil - dren's Friend, Who in our hearts his love doth send, For

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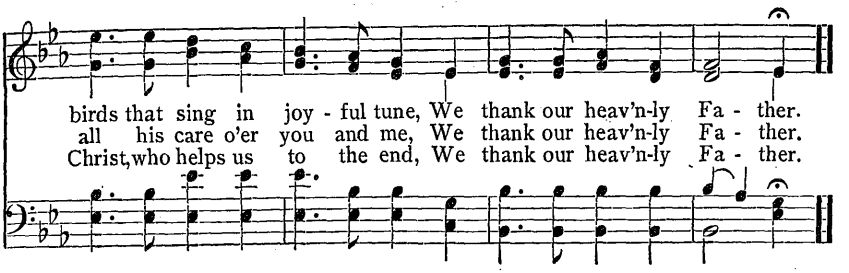
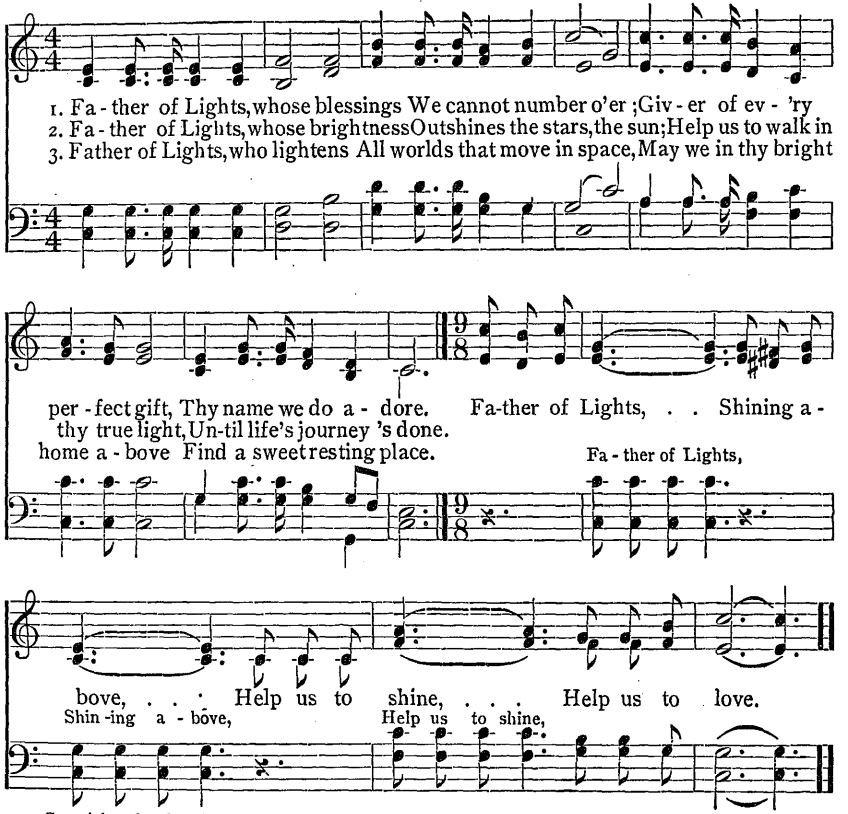


Father of Lights

M. C. B. MARGARET COOTE BROWN



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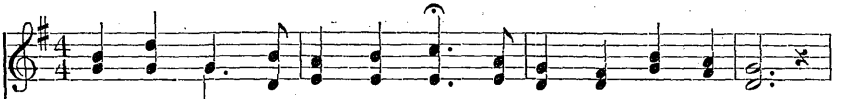
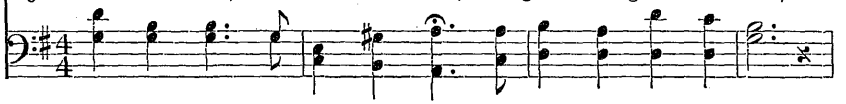
God's Love

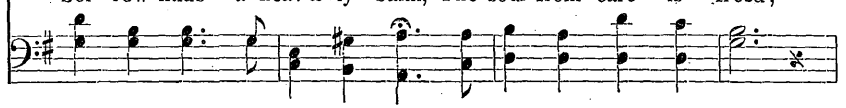
E. W. Denison. F. E. Belden.



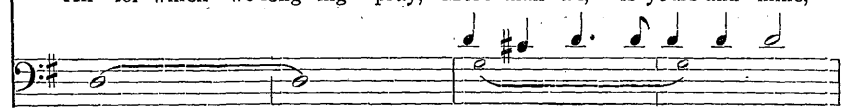
1. Bright - ly shines the morn - ing sun, A - like on you and me;
2. If the world of na - ture fair, The han - di - work of God,
3. Trust him then, in storm or calm, To give the good we need;

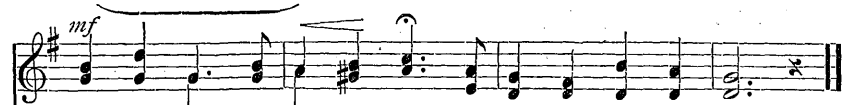


Soft - ly falls the sum - mer rain, In bless - ing wide and free.
Is a joy we all may share, His love is still more broad.
Sor - row finds a heav'n - ly balm, The soul from care is freed;

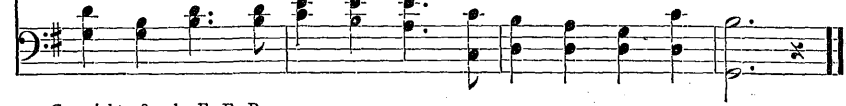


Eve-ning breez - es gent - ly blow, Moon and stars their ra-diance lend,
Free - er than the sun on high, Gen - tler than the sum-mer show'rs,
All for which we long - ing pray, More than all, is yours and mine,





All a - like his glo - ry show, His boun - ty has no end.
Wid - er than the star - ry sky, His heart of love is ours.
Rise, O rise, where faith can say, Our birth-right is di - vine.



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Praise the Redeemer

JULIA A. JOHNSTON — J. H. ROSECRANS

1. Praise the Re-deem-er with *heart* and with *lips*, Worship him glad-ly to - day;
2. *Voi - ces* were giv - en to sing of his love, *Hands* should be dil-i-gent, too;
3. *Look* un - to Je - sus, the Giv - er of all, Of - fer your thanks in his name;

Lift up your *hands* in the house of the Lord, *Lis - ten* to what he may say.
Feet should be read-y his er-rands to run, *Hearts* should be loving and true.
Trust and o - bey him who bends from above, Je - sus, for - ev - er the same.

CHORUS

Joy-ful-ly praise him, your Mas-ter and Lord, Sing of his goodness and love;

Learn of the Sav-iour and fol-low his steps, Till you be - hold him a - bove.

NOTE.—The motions are very simple. Touch heart and lips, lift up the hands and bend the head with hands upon the ear as if listening, in first verse. Point to lips, hands, hearts and feet in second verse. Reverently look upward, in first and fourth lines of last verse, with hands folded.

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He Died for Me

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. He died for me, the Son of God, He left his home in glo - ry
2. They crowned him with a crown of thorns, For me he meek - ly wore it;
3. His love for me can nev - er die, In heaven he stand-eth plead - ing;
4. Thou bless - ed Je - sus, Sav-iour mine, My life, my all I owe thee;

To bear the sin of all the world,—Oh, sweet and ten - der sto - ry!
They laid on him the heav - y cross, For me, for me he bore it.
He shows his side and wounded hands, For - ev - er in - ter - ce - ding.
I long to love thee more and more, I would that all might know thee.

CHORUS

He died for me! He died for me! He lives, in light and glo - ry!

Oh, let me tell to all the world, The glad and bless - ed sto - ry.

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Blessed Saviour

HYMN FOR JUNIORS

(To be sung reverently as a prayer, after "Duties of Committees" have been recited. See page 7.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, help us dai-ly, As we seek thy will to do;
2. As we pledge our true en-deav-or, May we trust in thee a-lone;
3. Help us, Lord, to do each du-ty, Bless the work we un-der-take;

Lead and guide us, walk be-side us, Keep us loy-al, firm and true.
Oh, be near us, strength-en, cheer us, May our hearts be all thine own.
Make us pray'r-ful, make us care-ful, Hear and help for Je-sus' sake.

CHORUS

Faith-ful, ear-nest, glad and lov-ing, Grow-ing bet-ter day by day;
Hearts be stead-y, hands be read-y, Je-sus walks a-long the way.

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If I Have Sorrow for My Sin

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — R. T. OWEN

1. If I have sor - row for my sin, If I have faith and love within,
2. If I have sor - row for my sin, I know that heavenly light shines in.
3. If I have sor - row for my sin, His par - don I must seek to win;

Then God will give me life and light, And dai - ly strength to do the right.
The Ho - ly One, with light di - vine, Has made me see this heart of mine.
And this the on - ly plea I make, O Lord, forgive for Je - sus' sake.

CHORUS

Oh, lead me, Lord, a - long the way, Teach me thy will, nor let me stray;

I turn a - way from self and sin, I pray thee make me pure with-in.

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Consecration Hymn

FOR THE JUNIOR SOCIETIES

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — T. R. BOWDEN

1. We come to thee, Lord Je - sus, With of - f'rings full and free;
2. Our way - ward hearts we bring thee, So read - y still to sin;
3. Our hands and feet we give thee, Our lips, our lives, our all;
4. We long to love and please thee, As Mas-ter thee we own;

Our-selves and all our serv - ice, We con - se - crate to thee.
Oh, take the hearts we of - fer, And make them pure with - in.
Lord, send us on thine er - rands, And keep us lest we fall.
Oh, help us, lov - ing Sa - viour, We are so weak a - lone.

CHORUS

Lord, hear our prayer, Hear and re - ceive us now;

Lord, hear our prayer, As be - fore thy face we bow.

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Teach us Lord to Love Thee

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — T. R. BOWDEN

Moderato.

1. Teach us, Lord, to love thee, As thy face we seek;
2. Teach us this sweet les - son, Best of all be - low;
3. Dai - ly, dai - ly grow - ing Like our Lord on high,
4. Teach us, Lord, to love thee; Then, with hearts so true,

We would be like Je - sus, Lov - ing, gen - tle, meek.
Make us like our Sa - viour, Who has loved us so.
We shall see and know him, Yon - der, by and by.
We shall love our neigh - bor, As we ought to do.

CHORUS

Teach us, Lord, to love thee, Lead us all the way;

Show us how to please thee, Keep us lest we stray.

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Evening Hymn

E. W. Denison — D. T. Browne

Allegretto.

1. Day - light is fad - ing, Twi - light is shad - ing
2. Light of the morn - ing, Bright in its dawn - ing,
3. But in its splen - dor, Gra - cious and ten - der,

Mead - ow and hill with a deep - en - ing gray;
Bless - ings that come to us all the day long;
Won - drous thy love that can cast a - way fear;

Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, Now as we gath - er,
'T is of thy giv - ing, God of the liv - ing,
Dear - er and rar - er, Rich - er and fair - er,

Let us give thanks for the beau - ti - ful day.
That we can of - fer this ev - en - ing song.
Best of all gifts that thou giv - est us here.

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The Children's Mission

D. B. Towner

1. Dear friends, we have a mis - sion, too, A place to work as well as you; Our lit - tle *feet* can learn to tread Wher - ev - er by the Sav - iour led. Our *hands* can work, Our *tongues* can sing, Our *hearts* can love the chil - dren's King.

2. Our *eyes* that spar-kle with de - light, Can make sad homes with pleasure bright; Now let us *clasp* our hands to pray, Dear Sa - viour, hear the words we say.

Slowly. (*To be omitted after 2d v.*)

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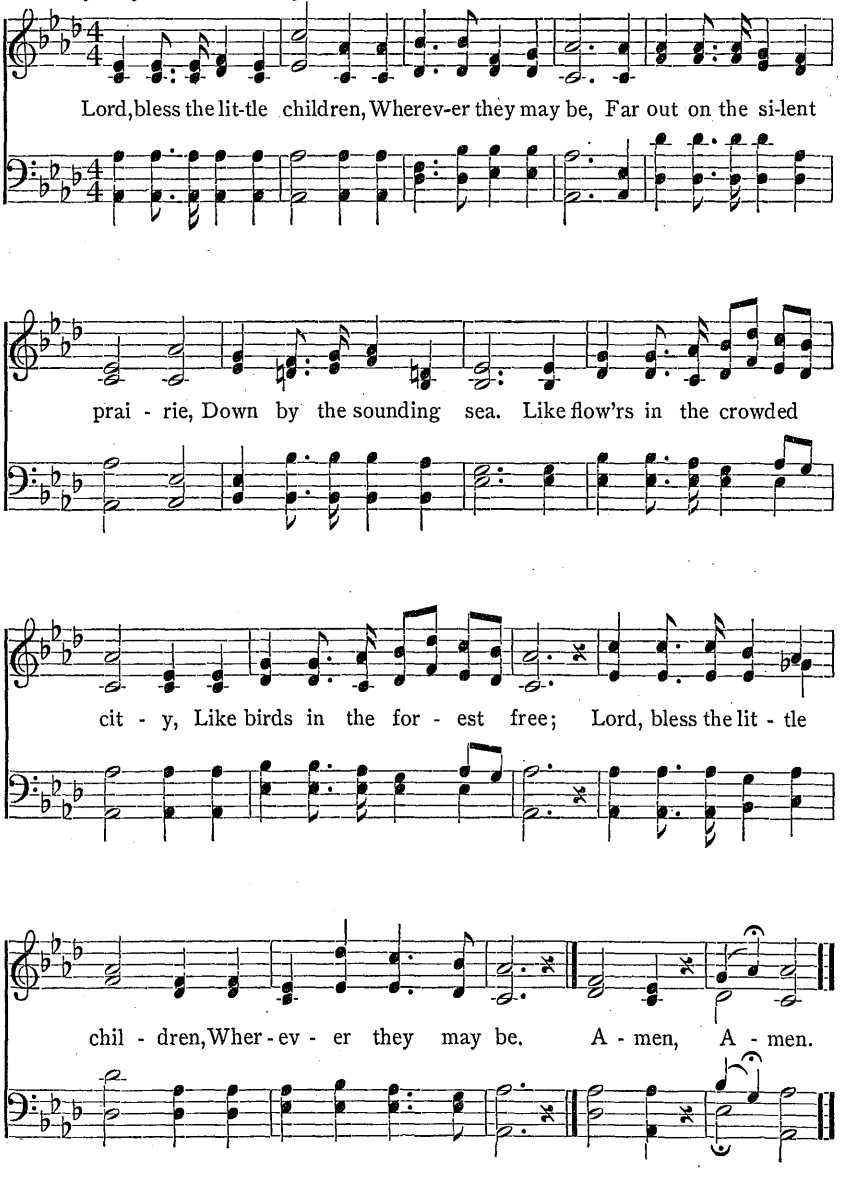
Prayer after 2d verse only.



Take Our Gifts

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — O. T. WREN

1. Take our gifts, Lord Je - sus, They are thine a - lone;
2. When we have but pen - nies, These we bring to Thee;
3. Take the hearts we of - fer, Take our will - ing hands;
4. Take our hap - py prais - es, Hear our ear - nest prayer;

We can on - ly bring thee What was first thine own.
When our gifts are larg - er, May they all be free.
May our feet be wait - ing For thy blest com-mands.
Take the gifts we bring thee, Make our lives thy care.

CHORUS

Take them, bless - ed Mas - ter, Though so few and small,

Use the gifts, we pray thee, We would bring our all.

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Offertory

M. Alice Metcalf — F. E. Belden

1. Now come and sing a hap-py song, And join us as we march a - long, . .
2. The earth belongs to God, we're told; Yes, all the sil - ver and the gold, . .

With - in our read - y hands we bring A lov - ing, will-ing of - fer - ing.
The flow'rs, the fruit up - on the tree, 'T is of thine own we bring to thee.

Refrain

Our song we sing; God wants to hear our hap - py voi - ces call.

Our gifts we bring; . . Dear Je - sus, please accept them all.

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Joyful Giving

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — J. H. ROSECRANS

1. Why should we be al - ways giv - ing — Giv - ing mon - ey, giv - ing love?
2. Why should we be al - ways giv - ing — Send - ing gifts so far a - way?
3. Why should we be al - ways giv - ing? Je - sus free - ly gives to all;
4. Why should we be al - ways giv - ing? 'T is a joy like that a - bove;

Je - sus loves the cheer - ful giv - er, He will bless us from a - bove.
There they need the news of Je - sus, Mil - lions die while we de - lay.
Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry moment, His un - count - ed mer - cies fall.
Bless - ings shared are bless - ings doubled, Giv - ing al - ways goes with love.

CHORUS

Let us give with joy and glad - ness, Give with gen'rous heart and hand;

Giv - ing brings the Sav - iour's blessing, Let us give at his com - mand.

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Loving and Giving

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Teach us, oh, teach us the les - son of lov - ing, This is the ve - ry first les-son of all;
2. Make us more loving, tho' all are not love - ly, Make us like Jesus, who loves to the end;
3. Teach us the les-son of giv-ing more free-ly, All that we have to the Saviour we owe;
4. Lov-ing and giving will bring truest pleasure, Life will be full of the sweetest reward;

Thus by our lives may we ever be proving That we have answer'd the Lord's loving call.
Seek-ing the sin - ful, the lost, and the lone-ly, Ready to help them, and strong to defend.
Oh, may we share it with all who are needy, Doing the work of our Master be-low.
Thus may we lay up in heaven our treasure, En-ter-ing in to the joy of our Lord.

CHORUS

Teach us, oh, teach us the lesson of loving, Teach us to give, as we free - ly re-ceive;

Loving and giving, yes, lov-ing and giving, These are the lessons for all who believe.

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I'm Not Ashamed

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — O. T. WREN

1. I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus, Nor of his bless - ed Word;
2. I'm not a-shamed of Je - sus, His name is Lord and King;
3. His mes - sa - ges of par - don, Of truth and love and grace,
4. The bear - er of good tid - ings Should nev - er be a - shamed;

The ti - dings of sal - va - tion, My will - ing heart has heard.
But low - ly ones may love him, And join his praise to sing.
I long to bear to oth - ers, That they may see his face.
Let all re - joice in Je - sus, Wher-ev - er he is named.

CHORUS

A-shamed, a-shamed of Je - sus! A-shamed to make him known!

Oh, no! But let me glo - ry in Je - sus Christ a - lone.

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What Would Jesus Have You Do

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

Moderato.

1. What would Je - sus have you do, Youth - ful sol - diers, brave and true?
2. What would Je - sus do to - day? Would the Sa - viour turn a - way?
3. In the Word of God so true, Je - sus shows you what to do;
4. Lay up treas - ure far a - bove, Walk with Je - sus Christ in love;

How would he the tempt - er meet? How would he the foe de - feat?
Would he not be kind in - deed, Glad to help in time of need?
If you ask him, he will hear, He will make the du - ty clear.
Ev - 'ry day your pledge re - new, Do what Christ would have you do.

CHORUS

What would Je - sus have you do, Je - sus, dai - ly watch - ing you?

Fol - low him a - long the way, Look to Je - sus day by day.

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Are You Following Jesus

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Are you fol - low-ing Je-sus, your Mas-ter, The Shepherd who cares for the sheep?
2. Are you fol - low-ing Je-sus most tru - ly, Too ear-nest and lov - ing to roam?
3. Do you dai - ly look up to your Lead-er? His voice do you lis - ten to hear?

He is call - ing the lambs to his pas - ture, His own he will tender - ly keep.
Do you look un - to him in the dark-ness, And trust him to lead you safe home?
When he calls you by name, on - ly fol - low, And you will have nothing to fear.

CHORUS

Are you fol - - low-ing Je - sus? He calls . . . you to - day;
Are you fol - low-ing, fol-low - ing Je - sus? He calls you, he calls you to - day;

He will guide you and keep you, If you will but walk in his way.
He will guide you, he will keep you for - ev - er, If you will but walk in his way.

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Faithful and True

(Ecclesiastes xii: 1.)

M. Alice Metcalf — F. E. Belden

1. Now the days are long and hap - py, We must fill them, Lord, for thee;
2. In the morn - ing when we wa - ken, Let our praise to God a - rise;
3. When we go on bu - sy er - rands, When we play, and when in school,

Now our hearts are glad and ear - nest, Let them al - so faith - ful be.
And when fall the eve - ning sha-dows, Thank him ere we close our eyes.
Let our fa - ces shine for Je - sus, Let his spir - it in us rule.

Refrain

Faithful and true, faith - ful and true, Serv - ing God in all we do. His love a-bounds to me and you, Faithful and true, Faithful and true.

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What Shall I Do with the Lessons Learned?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — R. T. OWEN

1. What shall I do with the Lord's commands? What shall I do with each precious word?
2. How shall I show to the world a-round That I re-mem-ber and un - der-stand
3. When I re-mem-ber the roy - al words, Les-sons and promis - es, sweet and dear,

How shall I keep them all safe with - in, Wonderful things which my ears have heard?
All that the Mas - ter has giv - en me, Pre- cept and promise, and each command?
Let me be read - y, with will - ing hands, Dai - ly to serve him with ho - ly fear.

CHORUS

Write them up - on the heart, Let them be writ - ten in fade - less lines;
Write them, oh, write them up - on the heart.

Treas - ure them deep in the in - ward part, There where the lamp of mem - 'ry shines.

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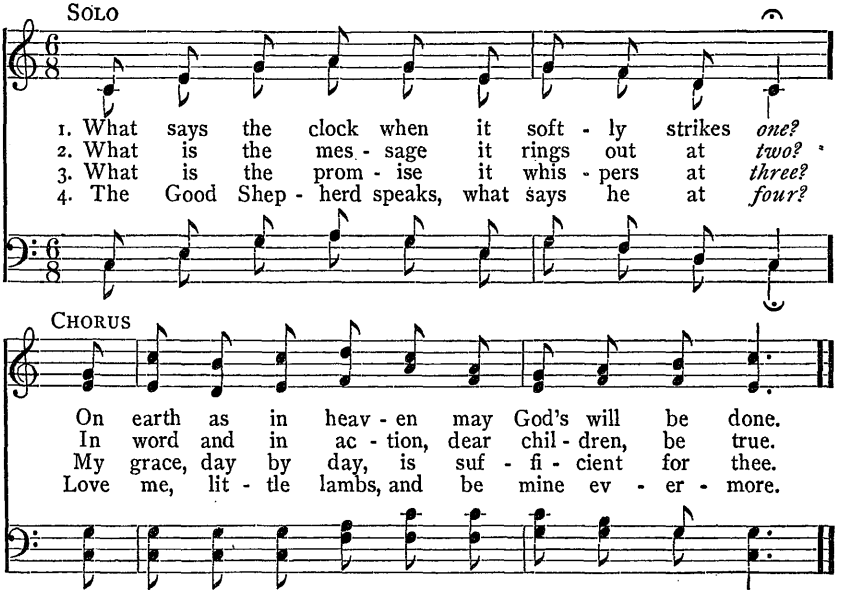
Clock Song

M. A. METCALF



5 What is the word when the bell rings at *five?*
To serve God in truth let each little one strive.

6 Hark to the clock as the hour strikes *six:*
On Jesus your hope and your happiness fix.

7 Seven is the hour? What lesson for *seven?*
Of such little ones is the kingdom of heaven.

8 Listen, O listen! the clock striketh *eight,*
And this is the message,— Come now, do not wait.

9 What says the clock when the hour is *nine?*
The night and the daytime, O Father, are Thine.

10 *Ten* are the strokes that ring out on the air:
The message is tender, He carries your care.

11 Hark as the hour of *eleven* rings clear,
Repeating — Trust Jesus, for still he is near.

12 *Twelve* says the clock. Now what word doth it tell?
'T is midnight! God watches, and all shall be well.

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The Commandment with Promise

E. E. Hewitt — T. R. Bowden

1. My fa - ther and mother, how good to me and kind! Friends better and kind - er,
2. My fa - ther, my mother, I'll honor and obey, To keep the Lord's commandment
3. My fa - ther, my mother, God bless you while you live! I'll try to make you happy

I'll nev - er, nev - er find; How can I, how can I their ten - der care re - pay?
in all I do and say; For me they toil and labor, and bur-dens hard they bear,
and help and comfort give; God bless you, God bless you, your grateful child will pray,

Chorus

How prove that I love them, and thank them ev - 'ry day? For God hath said:
Oh, let my hands do something to ease their load of care.
And may I ev - er please you, in love's de - light-ful way.

{ "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy
{ days may be long upon the land which the } Lord thy God giveth thee."

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The One Hundredth Psalm

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

Allegro

1. Come, oh, come with sing - ing, Lift the joy - ful shout,
2. Serve the Lord with glad - ness, Ban - ish doubt and fear;
3. He, the ten - der Shep - herd, Guards the tim - id sheep;
4. En - ter with thanks-giv - ing, His wide - o - pen gates,

Praise the Lord Je - ho - vah, Let the song ring out. . . . . .
He it is that made us, Now to him come near. . . . . .
We are of his pas - ture, He will guide and keep. . . . . .
Fill his courts with prais - es, There Je - ho - vah waits. . . . . .

CHORUS

Praise him, all ye peo - ple, Lift the heart and sing, ...
Praise him, praise him, all ye peo - ple, praise him, Lift the heart, the heart and sing,

For . . his truth en-dur - eth, . . God is Lord and King.
For his truth, his truth en - dur - eth, God is Lord, is Lord and King.

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Bless Us Father

HYMN BEFORE BIBLE-READING

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Bless us, Fa - ther, as we read From these o - pen pa - ges,
2. May the Ho - ly Com - fort - er Bless to us the read - ing;
3. Here we learn the will of God, May we learn to do it;
4. May we learn of Je - sus' love, Do - ing dai - ly du - ty,

Pre - cious les - sons, kept for us Thro' the by - gone a - ges.
May we hear the Sa - viour's voice Plead - ing, gen - tly plead - ing.
Here we find the way of life, May we still pur - sue it.
Till we see his face a - bove, In its won - drous beau - ty.

CHORUS

Bless us, Fa - ther, while we read May thy Word grow dear - er;

As we look to thee for help, May thy light grow clear - er.

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Lesson Hymn

E. E. Hewitt — D. B. Towner

1. Voi - ces to us are call - ing, Call - ing from far a - way, .
2. Je - sus a - lone can save me; I must his word be - lieve, .
3. Light from my pre - cious Bi - ble Like a pure, gold - en ray, .

"Send us the news of Je - sus, Send us the gos - pel day."
And in my heart, so glad - ly, Heav - en - ly light re - ceive.
Falls on the path be - fore me, Help - ing me ev - 'ry day.

Chorus

Light, light, shin - ing for me, Beau - ti - ful light of love; . .

Light, light, shin - ing for me, Guid - ing my steps a - bove.

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More and More

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — B. T. WORDEN

1. We have heard of Je - sus' love, How he left his home a-bove;
2. Man - y les - sons from the Word, From our teach-ers we have heard;
3. Joy - ful lips have sung his praise Thro' the hap - py pass-ing days;
4. Learn-ing more of wis-dom's way, Lov - ing more and more each day;

We would hear it o'er and o'er, We would learn yet more and more.
But we on - ly know in part, More of truth must fill the heart.
Still we come, as oft be-fore, Christ our Sa - viour to a - dore.
May we grow in heav'nly grace Till we see our Sa - viour's face.

CHORUS

Learn - ing more and more, As we dai - ly old - er grow;
Ev - er learn - ing,

Lay - ing by, in store, Help us, Lord, thy love to know.
Lay - ing by, in pre - cious store,

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The Happy Hour Is Over

LESSON-CLOSING

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — J. H. ROSECRANS

1. The hap - py hour is o - ver, The les - son now is done;
2. Lord, help us to re - mem - ber The pre - cious les - son - truth;
3. With joy and praise we gath - er, Our lov - ing Lord to seek;
4. When Sab-bath bells are ring - ing, Oh, bring us here a - gain,

While here we stand to - geth - er, Lord, bless us ev - 'ry one.
And may we look to Je - sus, To guide us in our youth.
Oh, may we fol - low Je - sus — Each day of all the week.
To join in prayer and sing - ing — For Je - sus' sake, — A - MEN.

CHORUS

Dear Sa - viour, bless and keep us, And lead us, day by day;

While ab - sent from each oth - er, Be near to us, we pray.

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Jesus Help Us

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — HYMN FOR CLOSE OF LESSON — D. A. NIEL

1. Je - sus, help us to re - mem - ber This sweet les - son from thy Word;
2. Keep us, bless - ed Sa - viour, keep us, Lest we wan - der from thy way;
3. All the week be near to bless us, Bring us to thy house a - gain;

Write up - on our hearts for - ev - er Truths that we this day have heard.
Teach us, Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us How to watch and how to pray.
Lord be with us, guard us, guide us, For our Sa - viour's sake. A - men.

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Supplication

T. R. MATTHEWS

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a lis - t'ning ear;
2. Tho' thou art so ho - ly, Heav'n's Al - might - y King,
3. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch us day by day;
4. Then, when Je - sus calls us To our heav'n - ly home,

When we bow be - fore thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear.
Thou wilt stoop to lis - ten, When thy praise we sing.
Help us now to love thee; Take our sins a - way.
We would glad - ly an - swer, "Sa - viour, Lord, we come."

Hear and Do

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Hear the word the Sa-viour speaks; 'T is the hear - ing ear he seeks;
2. First the Sa-viour loved us all; He will hear us when we call;
3. Grate - ful for his lov - ing care, Lift the voice of praise and prayer;

Do his will, his Word o - bey; 'T is the safe and hap - py way.
All should love, and trust him, too; All be swift to "hear and do."
Praise him for his ho - ly Word, For the les - sons we have heard.

CHORUS

Hear and do, yes, hear and do; 'T is the Sa-viour speaks to you;

Lis - ten, lis - ten, and o - bey, Love and fol - low, day by day.

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Send Out the Light

E. E. HEWITT — D. B. TOWNER

1. Hark! there's a mes-sage from o-ver the sea, "Send us the light! wonderful light!"
2. O, let us will - ing - ly answer to-day; "Send out the light! wonderful light!"
3. Send them the Bi-ble, 'twill shine like a star; Send out the light! wonderful light!
4. Tell them of Je - sus; his mercy will bring Heaven-ly light, wonderful light!

Ear - nest-ly call-ing to you and to me, "Send us the light of God!" (light of God.)
Each lov-ing gift bears a beau-ti - ful ray; Won-der-ful light of God!
Chas-ing the dark, gloomy shadows a - far, Won-der-ful light of God!
Then in his glo - ry together we'll sing, Sing in the light of God.

CHORUS

Send . . . out the light! . . . Tell the sweet sto-ry, so precious, so bright;
Send out the light, the won-der-ful light,

Send . . . out the light, ... Won-der - ful light of God.
Send out the light, the won - der - ful light,

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Little Ones Who Have Not Known

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — T. R. BOWDEN

1. When I hear of Je - sus' love, Un - to need - y sin - ners shown,
2. Far a - cross the o - cean wide, In the is - lands of the sea,
3. On the prai - ries far a - way, In our own dear, na - tive land,
4. When I hear the sto - ry sweet, I must lift my heart a - bove;

Then I think of lit - tle ones, Who have nev - er, nev - er known.
Wait - ing for the bless - ed news, There are lit - tle ones like me.
Man - y lit - tle chil - dren stray, Know - ing not the Lord's com - mand.
I must pray and work and give, That they all may know his love.

CHORUS

Lit - tle ones, who have not known All the sto - ry sweet and old,

Wan - der far like stray - ing lambs, From the peace - ful, hap - py fold.

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Go and Bring Them In

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Man-y lit-tle chil-dren nev-er heard of Je-sus' love; Je-sus gen-tly
2. Some are light and care-less, some are full of want and woe; All should know the
3. We must go and seek them, for they will not come a-lone; We must go and

calls them to his heav'nly home a-bove, But they do not lis-ten, oh, their
Saviour; come, oh, come, and let us go, Let us go and bring them to our
tell them, what be-fore they have not known; New recruits for Je-sus and his

D.S. *Je-sus bids us seek them, to our*

FINE

hearts we ought to win; Let us has-ten to them, let us go and bring them in.
Sun-day-school so dear, Where the bless-ed story ev-'ry waiting heart may hear.
ar-my we shall win; He will walk be-side us, as we go to bring them in.

trust we will be true; We will go and bring them, that they all may know him, too.

CHORUS.

Let us go and bring them, go and bring them in; Far away they wander in forbidden paths of sin.

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Face the Foe

J. H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

March movement

1. Courage, soldiers, courage! Forward, march away! Face the foes that threaten, Do not dare de-lay.
2. Courage, youthful soldiers! See, upon your path, En-vy, pride, and hatred, Selfishness and wrath;
3. Fight the gi-ant e-vils, Never pause or shrink; Fight the love of money, Fight the love of drink.

Fight the bat-tle brave-ly, Christ is watching near, Under this Commander you have naught to fear.
Speed-i-ly they gath-er, read-y for the fight, Meet them and defeat them in the Saviour's might.
March against them boldly, put the foe to flight, Take the gospel ar-mor and de-fend the right.

CHORUS.

Cour-age, cour-age, tho' the foe be strong, Forward, ev-er forward, march against the wrong;

On-ward, on-ward, trust-ing as you go, Je-sus goes be-fore you as you face the foe.

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ILLUSTRATED SONGS

A truth is impressed and the class interested if a *blackboard illustration* is developed while the class sings. The teacher or pupils print the *italicised* words of the songs when the class *sings* those words. The acrostic is more attractive when *colored* crayon is used for *capital* letters.

ASK
SEEK
KNOCK

JESUS
OWNS
YOU

GO
RIGHT
ON
WORKING

BELIEVE
OBEY
FOLLOW

JESUS

NOTE.— Several of these blackboard acrostics are from "Pictured Truth," by kind permission of the author, R. F. Y. Pierce.

Ask Seek Knock

JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See page 52) R. T. OWEN

1. *Ask*, for he that ask - eth Is cer - tain to re-ceive; Ask, and nev-er doubt Him Who
2. *Seek*, and ye shall find him, The Lord is call - ing now. Seek, for time is fly - ing, Oh,
3. *Knock*, for Christ will answer, "Come in, my child, come in." Knock, and thro' this portal E -

CHORUS

says, "Believe, believe." Ask, seek, knock, be-lieve and obey; Come, enter now the heavenly way.
come, before him bow.
ter-nal gladness win.

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What Is It To Be a Christian

JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See page 52) R. T. OWEN

1. *Be - lieve* him, on - ly trust him, The Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;
2. *O - bey* him, for in mer - cy His will he mak - eth known;
3. Still *fol - low* where He lead - eth, For *Je - sus* knows the way;

Be - lieve that he will save you; For you the Sa - viour died.
O - bey him, quick - ly, glad - ly, For love's dear sake a - lone.
Oh, fol - low clos - er, clos - er, And trust him day by day.

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Jesus Owns You

(See page 52.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON RAND L. NEWTON

1. *Je - sus*, the Saviour, lov - ing and true, Who came from his home in the sky;
2. O what a Saviour, pay-ing a debt That cost him his life on the tree.
3. *You* are the sin - ner Je - sus has bought, O-bey him and love him be - low;

Sin - ners to ransom, hearts to re - new, Calls you, and bids you come nigh.
Sure - ly he *owns* you; can you for-get His love and his mer - cy so free?
Joy ev - er - last-ing, rich - es un-sought, Your Mas-ter and Lord will be-stow.

CHORUS

Je - sus, your Sa-viour, yours to the end, Bought you and made you his own;

Has - ten to own him, glad - ly en-throne him, Je - sus, the Sa-viour, a - lone.

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Go Right on Working

(See page 52.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. No room, no room for i - dlers, No time, no time to waste;
2. Keep on in paths of du - ty, Nor lin - ger by the way;
3. To - day the call is sound-ing, The voice is Je - sus' voice;

There's work to do, there's work for you, When du - ty calls, oh, haste.
The Lord will guide, what-e'er be - tide, Then lis - ten, and o - bey.
The work needs you, you need it, too, Go, la - bor, and re - joice.

REFRAIN

ritard.

Then hear the call to la - bor, The King him - self says, "Go."

Serve God, and serve your neigh - bor, If you in grace would grow.

NOTE. — Print one word of the acrostic during each singing of the chorus.

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HITHERTO
HATH THE LORD
HELPED US

BE

HONEST
USEFUL
MEEK
BUSY
LOVING
EARNEST

SAMUEL was a

AN OBEDIENT CHILD
FAITHFUL BOY
DILIGENT WORKER
PRAYERFUL JUDGE
WISE RULER
TRUE MAN

Stones of Help

(See page 56.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. *Hith-er-to* the *Lord* has *helped us*, Christ has brought us all the way,
2. Hith-er-to *the Lord* has blessed us, Here a "Stone of help" we raise,
3. Hith-er-to the Lord has led us, "Stones of help" are mul-ti-plied;
4. Hith-er-to the Lord has guard-ed, Bend-ing low to hear our prayer;

Long or short the pil-grim jour-ney, This, our hearts can tru-ly say:—
Here we tell how Je-sus led us, Here we lift our songs of praise.
In temp-ta-tion, troub-le, dan-ger, He has been our Friend and Guide.
From this day our lov-ing Sa-viour Still will make our lives his care.

CHORUS

Hith-er-to, yes, hith-er-to, Christ has proved his promise true;

Hith-er-to, yes, hith-er-to, Christ has proved his promise true.

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Be Humble

(See page 56.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. *Be hon - est*, Je - sus watch - es, Each act and tho't he sees.
2. Be *meek*, tho' tempt-ed dai - ly To an - ger, pride and hate.
3. Be *lov - ing*, oh, be lov - ing, For this is like your Lord.

Be *use - ful*, al - ways read - y To help and cheer and please.
Be *bu - sy*; time is pass - ing, It soon may be too late.
Be *ear - nest* in en - deav - or, And win the blest re - ward.

CHORUS

Oh, try to be like Je - sus, The meek and low - ly One.

Be hum - ble; Christ was hum - ble, God's well be - lov - ed Son.

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Samuel

(See page 56.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON D. B. TOWNER

1. Asked of God, and lent un - to him, See the sweet, *o - be - dient child*
2. *Dil - i - gent* in lov - ing ser - vice, *Prayerful judge*, and pro - phet, too,
3. As a *wise* and faithful *rul - er*, As a *true* and loy - al *man*,

Grow - ing up to *faithful boy-hood*, Lov - ing, gen - tle, pure and mild.
Long the man of God was hon-ored, Teaching Is - rael what to do.
He ful-filled his heav'nly mis-sion, Which in childhood's days be-gan.

Like him may we be; Teach us, Lord, to fol - low thee;
Like him may we seek Words of truth and love to speak;
Like him may we give All to God while we shall live;
Like him, Like him

Like him may we be; Teach us, Lord, to fol - low thee.
Like him may we seek Words of truth and love to speak.
Like him may we give All to God while we shall live.
Like him, like him

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JESUS

My
Your

First
Richest
Infinite
Eternal
Nearest
Dearest

ME

Fear
Obey
Love
Live for
Own
Work for

JESUS

Completely satisfies
Hears and helps
Receives us
Instructs us
Supplies our need
Transcends all others

Jesus, My Friend

JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See page 60.) R. T. OWEN

1. *My Je - sus!* Bless - ed word of trust. *Your Je - sus!* None may sev - er
2. Our Je - sus! *First* and best of all, Tho' earth - ly friends surround us,
3. O Je - sus, *in - fin - ite* and high, *E - ter - nal* Friend, and *near-est*,

Your soul and mine from him we love, Our Sa - viour, ours for - ev - er.
Our *rich - est* Friend, whose blood has bought, Whose seeking love has found us.
Thy love has stoop'd to call us friends, Be thou our best and *dear - est.*

REFRAIN

With joy - ful hearts a trib - ute bring, The sin - ner's Friend is

Lord and King, The sin - ner's Friend is Lord and King.

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Follow Me

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — R. T. OWEN

(See page 60.)

1. "Come, *follow me*," oh, sweet command, Which Jesus gave his little band; And still we hear the ten - der plea, "Come, take thy cross, and fol - low me."
2. Oh, *fear* the Sa-viour, heed his word, *O-bey* the precepts dai-ly heard, And *love* the Friend so true and tried, For hark! he calls you to his side.
3. Then *live* to make the Saviour known, And *own* him as your Lord alone; Go, *work for* Je - sus, hear his call, And cleave to him, for - sak - ing all.

CHORUS

Come, follow me, Come, follow me, From sin and doubt and fear set free,
Come, follow me, Come, follow me,

Come, learn of me, ... and do my will, ... Oh, fol-low, fol-low, clos - er still.
Come, learn of me, And do my will,

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Our Great King

(See page 60.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Our King *com-plete - ly sat - is - fies*, He *hears and helps* his own;
2. 'T is he *re - ceives* the seek-ing soul, *In-structs* in Wis-dom's way;
3. Our King *sup - plies our* dai - ly *needs*, All oth - ers he *tran - scends;*

To Christ a - bove we lift our eyes, And trust in him a - lone.
The sin - sick one he mak - eth whole, And leads him day by day.
With wan-d'ring ones he gen - tly pleads, He keeps and he de - fends.

CHORUS

His name we sing, we hail him King, Thro' earth and heav'n his prais - es ring, Thro' earth and heav'n his prais - es ring.

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WORK
WELL AND
WILLINGLY
WITH
WHAT YOU HAVE

EARNEST PURPOSE
ARDENT LOVE
SWEETEST PRAISE
TRUE DEVOTION
ENTIRE CONSECRATION
READY SERVICE

GOLD AND SILVER
INCENSE OF PRAYER
FRUITS OF SELF-DENIAL
TRUSTING HEARTS
SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING

Easter Gifts

(See page 64.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Oh, what shall we bring to the Sa-viour, The ris - en and glo - ri - ous King,
2. We bring the heart's *truest de-vo - tion*, We *con - se-crate* all that we own;
3. The *fruits* of de-vout self de - ni - al, We bring to the Lord on this day,

As now, on this day of re - joi - cing, His might-y re-demp-tion we sing?
Our ser-vice so read - y and loy - al, We pledge to our Mas-ter a - lone.
With hearts that are *trustful* and lov - ing, And bear his rich blessing a - way.

A pur-pose unfalt'ring and *ear - nest*, A love that is *ardent* and pure,
The *gold* and the *sil-ver* he gives us, The poor and neg-lect-ed shall share;
We 'll tell to the pris'ners of sor - row, With *sym-pa-thy* fer-vent and deep,

And prais-es the gladdest and *sweet-est*, Are gifts that may ev - er en - dure.
And here, in the tem-ple of wor - ship, We of - fer the *in-cense of prayer*.
That Je - sus, the ris - en Re-deem - er, His prom-ise for - ev - er will keep.

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PRAY
REPENT
ENDEAVOR
PERSIST
ADVANCE
RESIST
ENDURE

TRUST
HOPE
ENTREAT

WATCH
AROUSE
YIELD

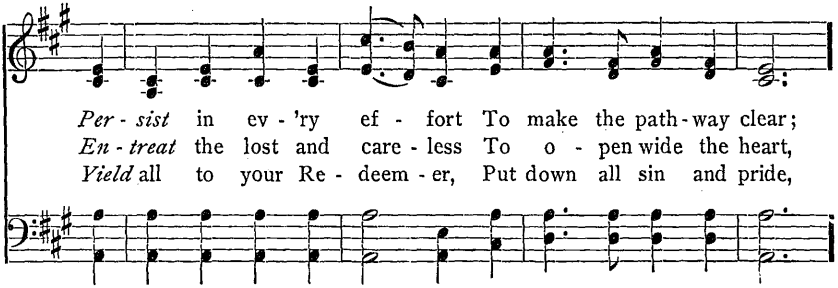
Prepare the Way

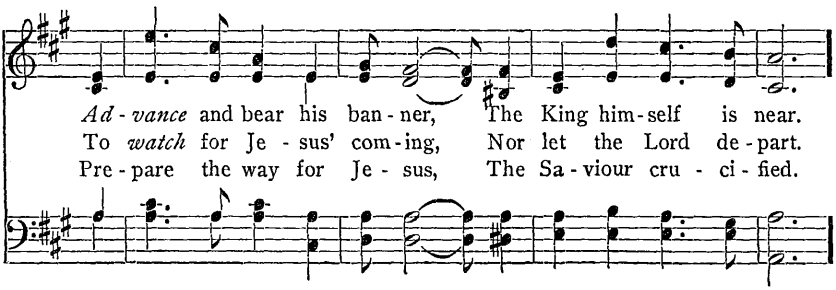
JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

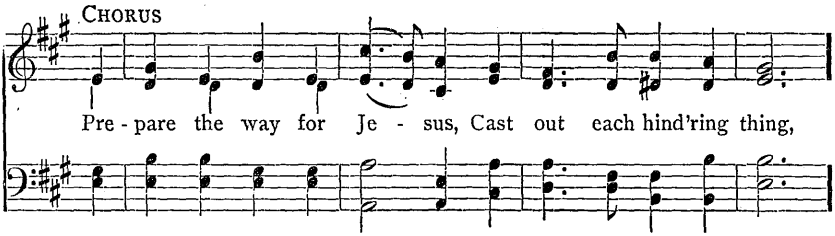
Allegro.

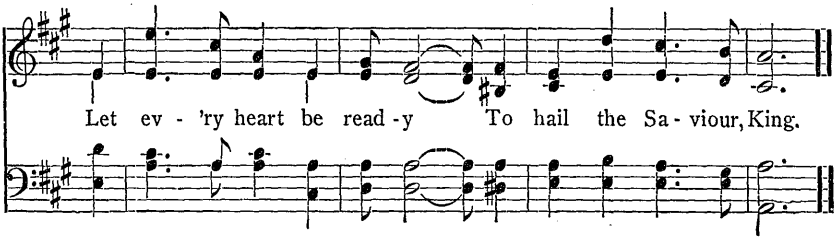
1. The King, the King is com - ing, Pre - pare, *prepare the way.*
2. *Re - sist,* re - sist the tempt - er, As sol - diers true, *en - dure;*
3. *A - rouse,* a - rouse the sleep - er, The ris - en Lord to greet,

Oh, *pray, re - pent, en - deav - or* To serve him while you may.
Trust God, and *hope* for - ev - er, His prom - is - es are sure.
That all may glad - ly wel - come The com - ing of his feet.









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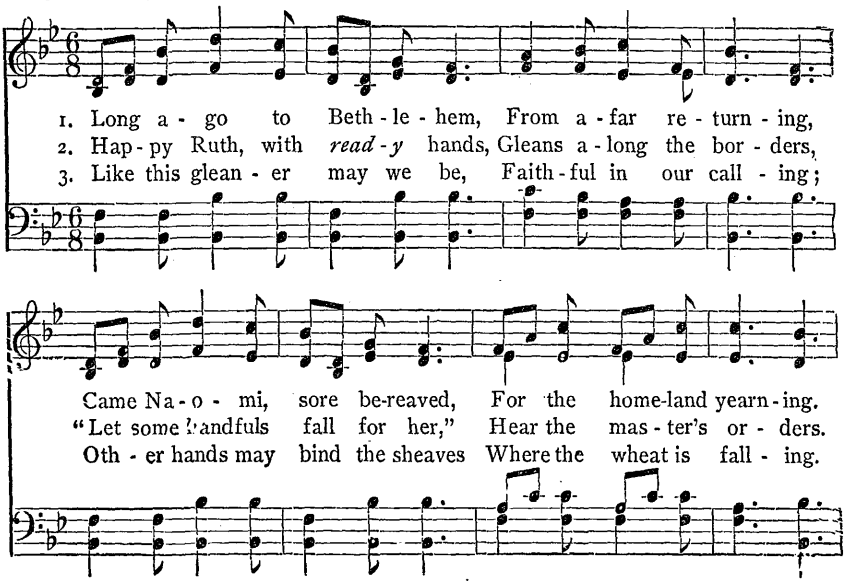
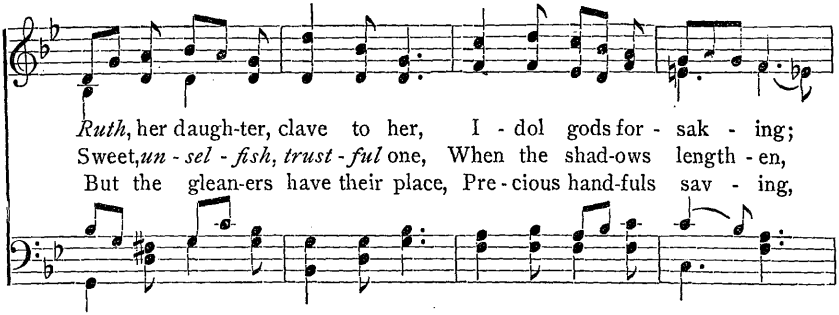
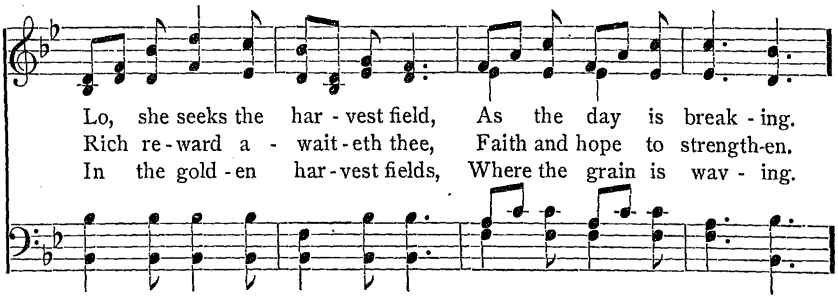
Ready	Grateful
Unselfish	Loving
Trustful	Energetic
Humble	Ardent
Truthful	Never-tiring
Happy	Eager
Earnest	Resolute

Ruth the Gleaner

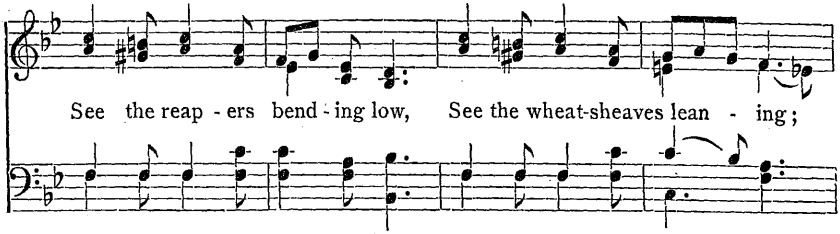
Julia H. Johnston — D. T. Browne

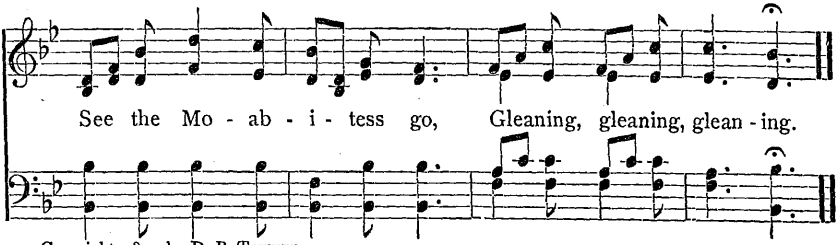






CHORUS





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A Good Motto

(See page 64.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — R. T. OWEN

1. *Work*, work for Je - sus, *Well and will - ing - ly*, Ev - er true and faith - ful, Though no eye may see.
2. Work, work for Je - sus, Well and will - ing - ly; *What you have* to of - fer, Give with spir - it free.
3. Work, work for Je - sus, Well and will - ing - ly; Use what-e'er he gives you, What-so-e'er it be.

CHORUS

Work for Je - sus day by day, He is near you all the way. Will - ing ser - vice he de-sires, What you have, the Lord requires; Work, work for Je - sus to - day.

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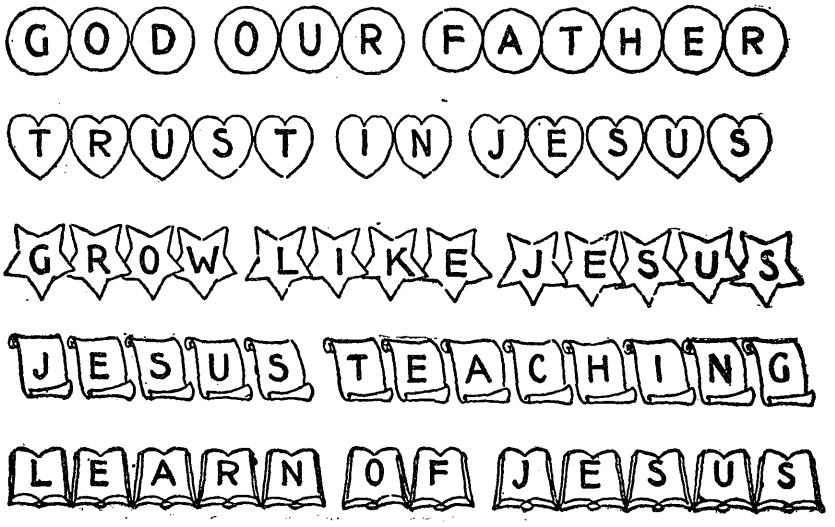
MOTTO SONGS

For variety each motto may be made upon a set of card-board symbols. Have as many symbols of one design as there are letters in the motto. Have one letter of the motto on each symbol. Pin each symbol to the blackboard, or wall of the room, during the singing, in the order indicated by *figures* over the words in the songs. Symbols are most attractive when colored gummed letters are used on them.



God Our Father

(See page 71.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — RAND L. NEWTON

1. We praise thy name, O Fa - ther, 1Cre - a - tor, Lord, and Friend;
2. 4No ti - ny bird or blos - som 5Can live with - out thy care;
3. 7Thy lov - ing heart will pi - ty, Thy won - drous grace will save,
4. 9Thou know - est how to give us 10The ver - y things we need;

Thy might-y hand that made us, 2Will keep and will de - fend.
6Thy lit - tle ones are dear - er, And thou wilt hear their pray'r.
8Be - cause thy Son, our Sa - viour, His life for sin - ners gave.
11Thy trust - ing lit - tle chil - dren 12Are safe, and blest, in - deed.

CHORUS

O God, our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, 3Thy chil - dren look to thee;
Thy hand is strong and ten - der, Thy love is full and free.

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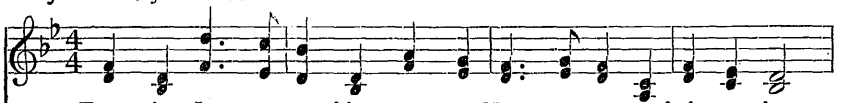
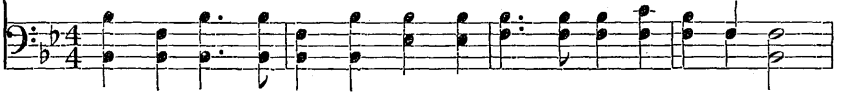
Trust in Jesus

(See page 71.)

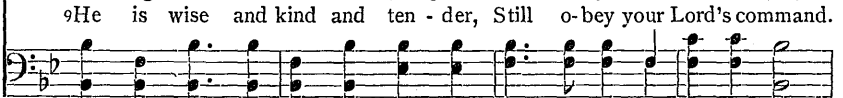
JULIA H. JOHNSTON — RAND L. NEWTON



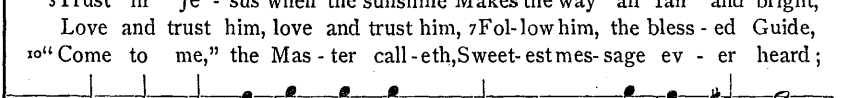
1. [1]Trust in Je - sus, trust him ev - er, None so strong to help as he;
2. Trust the Sa - viour, trust him ful - ly, He is watching all the day,
3. [8]Trust in Je - sus, nev - er doubt him, Tho' you can not un - der-stand;



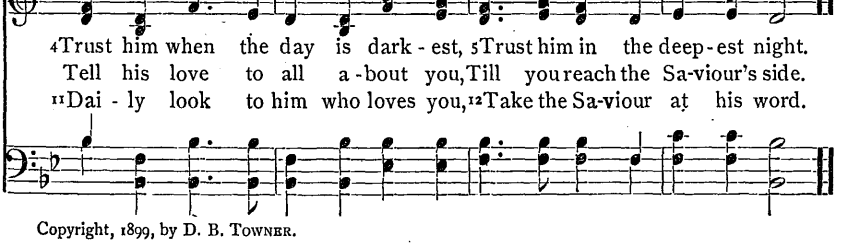
[2]Trust his love to save and keep you, Till his lov - ing face you see.
Lead - ing home his lit - tle pil - grims, [6]Trust in Je - sus all the way.
[9]He is wise and kind and ten - der, Still o - bey your Lord's command.



[3]Trust in Je - sus when the sunshine Makes the way all fair and bright,
Love and trust him, love and trust him, [7]Fol - low him, the bless - ed Guide,
[10]"Come to me," the Mas - ter call - eth, Sweet - est mes - sage ev - er heard;



[4]Trust him when the day is dark - est, [5]Trust him in the deep - est night.
Tell his love to all a - bout you, Till you reach the Sa - viour's side.
[11]Dai - ly look to him who loves you, [12]Take the Sa - viour at his word.



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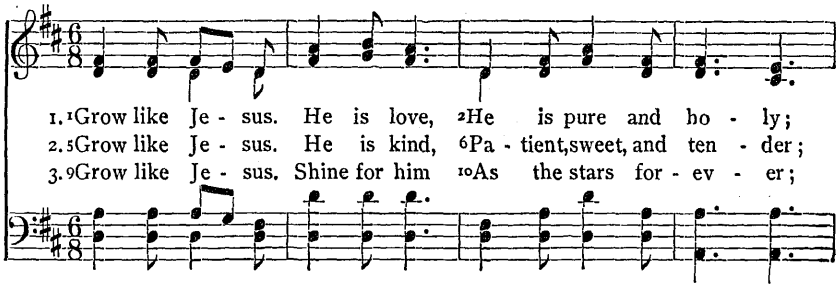
Grow Like Jesus

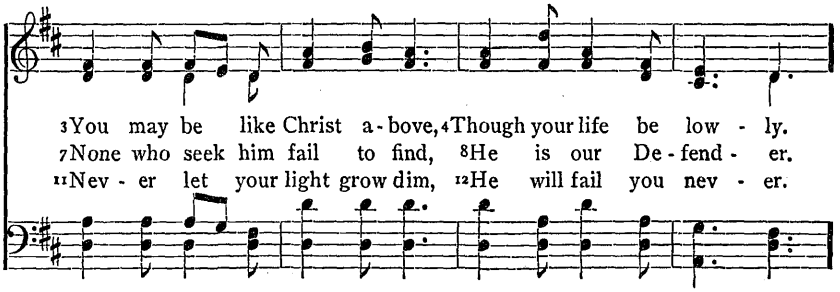
MOTTO SONG

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

(See page 71.)

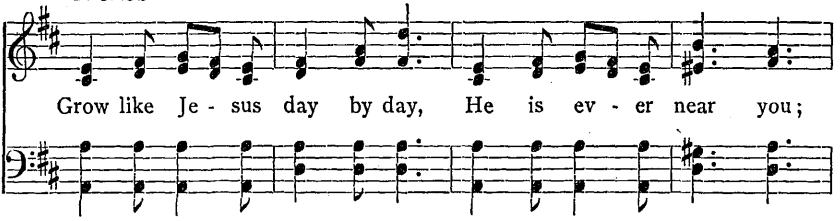


1. 1Grow like Je - sus. He is love, 2He is pure and ho - ly;
2. 5Grow like Je - sus. He is kind, 6Pa - tient, sweet, and ten - der;
3. 9Grow like Je - sus. Shine for him 10As the stars for - ev - er;

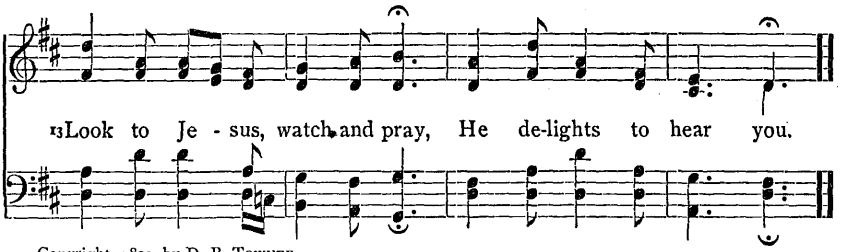


3You may be like Christ a - bove, 4Though your life be low - ly.
7None who seek him fail to find, 8He is our De - fend - er.
11Nev - er let your light grow dim, 12He will fail you nev - er.

CHORUS



Grow like Je - sus day by day, He is ev - er near you;



13Look to Je - sus, watch and pray, He de-lights to hear you.

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Jesus' Teaching

(See page 71.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — J. H. ROSECRANS

1. The les - sons are of [1]Je - sus, And what [2]he taught be - low;
2. [6]He shows the path of du - ty, And bids us all be true;
3. [10]The teach - ings of our Mas - ter, Our lis - t'ning ears have heard;

[3]His words for us are writ - ten, That we [4]his will may know.
[7]His words of heav'n - ly wis - dom Are ev - er fresh and new.
[11]He prom - is - es to bless us, We take him at his word.

[5]He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And took them in his arms;
[8]He calls us to be faith - ful, Un - self - ish, brave, and kind,
[12]We long to know him bet - ter, To fol - low clos - er still,

And those who love and trust him Are safe from all a - larms.
[9]And dai - ly in his ser - vice Our high - est joy to find.
To [13]love and learn of Je - sus, And do his ho - ly will.

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Learn of Jesus

(See page 71.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON J. H. ROSECRANS

1. To learn of Jesus Christ, our Lord,[1] We need to read his ho - ly Word;[2]
2. We learn of Jesus' wondrous birth,[8] His sin - less life while here on earth,[9]
3. The Book divine, oh, may we prize,[11] Where all this heav'nly wis-dom lies;

The pre-cious les-sons we must heed,[3] And ask of him the grace we need.[4]
We hear his in - vi - ta-tion free,[10] "Come, take my yoke, and learn of me."
These les - sons may we learn "by heart,"[12] And ear - ly choose the "bet-ter part."

CHORUS

[5] O ho - ly Teacher, Friend and Guide, With us for ev - er-more a - bide;

May we be taught from heav'n a - bove[6] The won-drous les-sons of thy love.[7]

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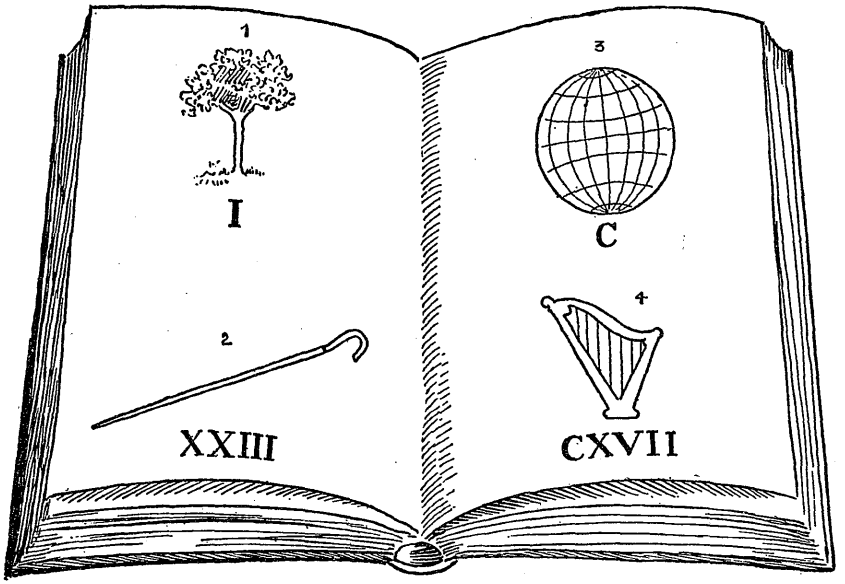
PICTURE SONGS

NOTE.—The *italicized* words in the following songs indicate crayon pictures that may be drawn or painted cardboard pictures that may be pinned to the blackboard as those words of the songs are sung by the class.

GOD'S PRAISE BOOK

[Music, page 78.]



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God's Praise Book

JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See page 77.) D. B. TOWNER

1. *God* has a praise-book, a wonderful *praise-book*, Full of thanksgivings and jubi-lant song;
2. [1] *Trees* that are fruitful, each one in his season, Fertile green [2] *pastures*, where still waters flow,
3. Serve him with gladness, all [3] *lands* and all *nations*, Come with [4] *a song* to his presence to-day,
4. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, oh praise him, ye people; Sing, for his mer-ci - ful kindness is great.

Hillside and val-ley and beauti-ful blos-som, Ech-o his prais-es, and glad notes prolong.
Tell of his goodness, and show forth his glory, Ev-er proclaiming his mer-cy be -low.
En-ter these portals with fervent rejoic- ing; He is the Lord, who endur-eth al - way.
He is the Lord, and his truth is for - ev - er; Come to his courts, and in gratitude wait.

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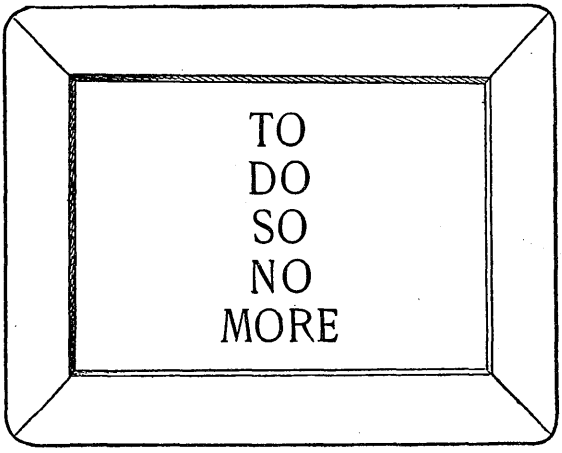
THERE'S NO OTHER WAY

(Music, page 79.)



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There's No Other Way

(See page 78.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Re-pent, oh, re - pent, is the mes - sage That rings from the gos-pel to - day;
2. Now hark to the call of the Mas - ter, Re-pent, yes, re - pent and be - lieve;
3. You can-not un - do what is o - ver, Nor make it the same as be - fore,
4. Re-pent-ance will turn from wrong-do-ing, To seek out the path-way of right,

The voice is the voice of the Sa-viour, The Life and the Truth and the Way.
Come near to the Sa-viour of sin-ners, And life ev - er - last - ing re - ceive.
True pen - itence grieves o'er the er - ror, Re - solv-ing *to do so no more.*
And, trust-ing the mer - cy of Je - sus, Will walk in his glo - ri - ous light.

CHORUS

Re-pent, oh, re - pent and be - lieve him, Who of - fers full par-don to - day;

'Tis Je - sus who bids you re - ceive him, There's no oth - er way but this way.

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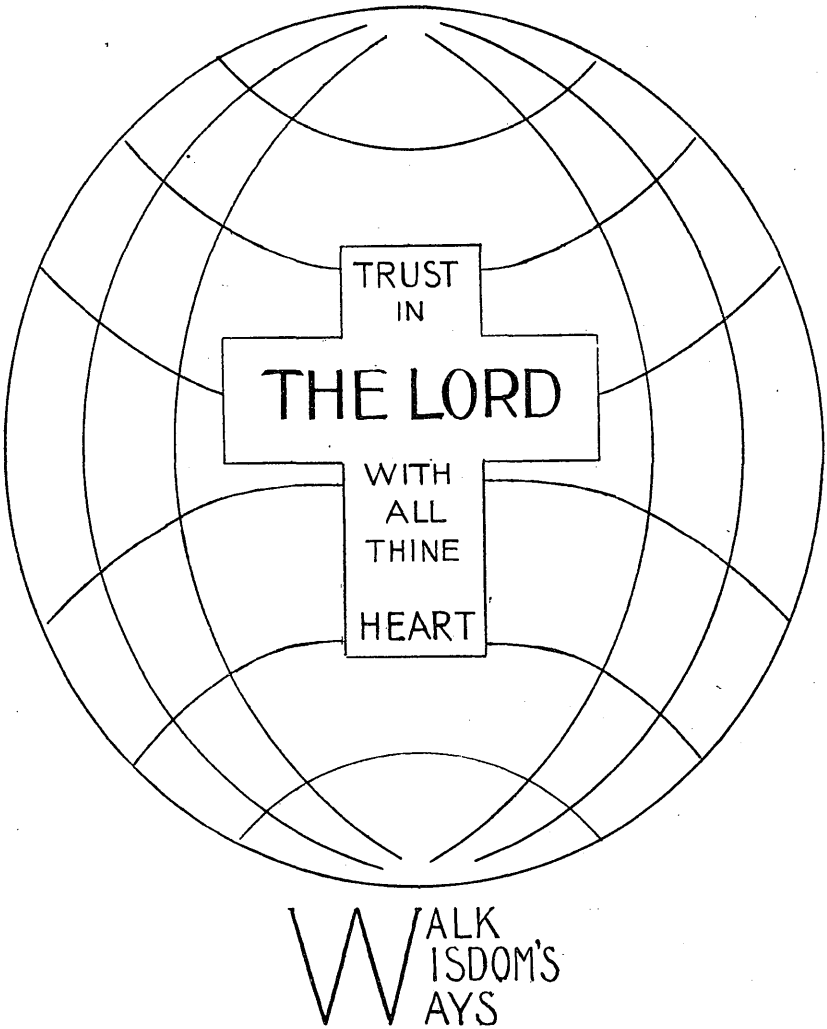

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Note.— Pin or draw pictures around the cross to illustrate life at home, in school, at church, on the street.

God's School

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. In the school of God the Lord, Schol-ars learn the Truth, the Way;
2. In the *home*, the *church*, the *school*, In the bus - y crowd - ed *street*,
3. *Walk in wis-dom's* pleas-ant ways, Keep the pre-cepts of your God,

Those who sit at Je - sus' feet, Grow in wis-dom day by day.
Learn the les-sons God would teach, Seek his ser - vice, true and sweet.
Trust his roy - al prom - is - es, Fol - low where the Sa - viour trod.

CHORUS

Choose, O choose the bet - ter part, *Trust in God with all thy heart.*

Choose, O choose the bet - ter part, *Trust in God with all thy heart.*

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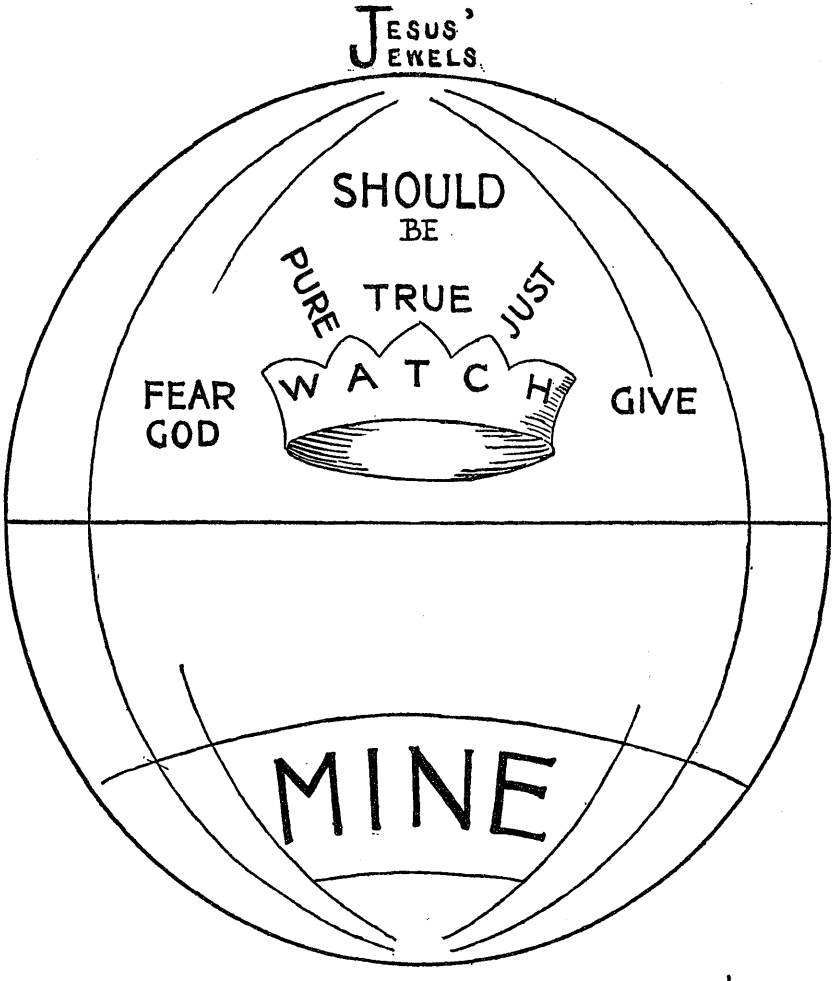

WILLING WORKERS IN THE SAVIOUR'S SERVICE

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Willing Workers

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

Allegro.

1. *Je - sus* com-eth! Je - sus com-eth, For the *jew - els* all his own;
2. In his *crown* of light and beau-ty By and by these gems shall shine;
3. Je - sus com-eth, *watch*, be read-y, *Fear* the Lord, be *pure*, be *true*;
4. *Will-ing workers* for the Mas-ter, In *the Sav-iour's serv-ice* true;

Lit - tle chil-dren are his jew - els, They should shine for him a - lone.
"When I come," the Lord has told us, "I will call these jew - els *mine*."
Oh, be *just*, and ev - er free - ly *Give*, as he has giv - en you.
Look to Je - sus who has loved you, Do what he would have you do.

CHORUS

Chil - dren, chil - dren, Are the jew - els bright and fair,
Chil - dren, chil - dren, lov - ing lit - tle chil - dren,
Pre - cious jew - els, Gathered for the King to wear.
Pre - cious jew - els, pre - cious lit - tle jew - els,

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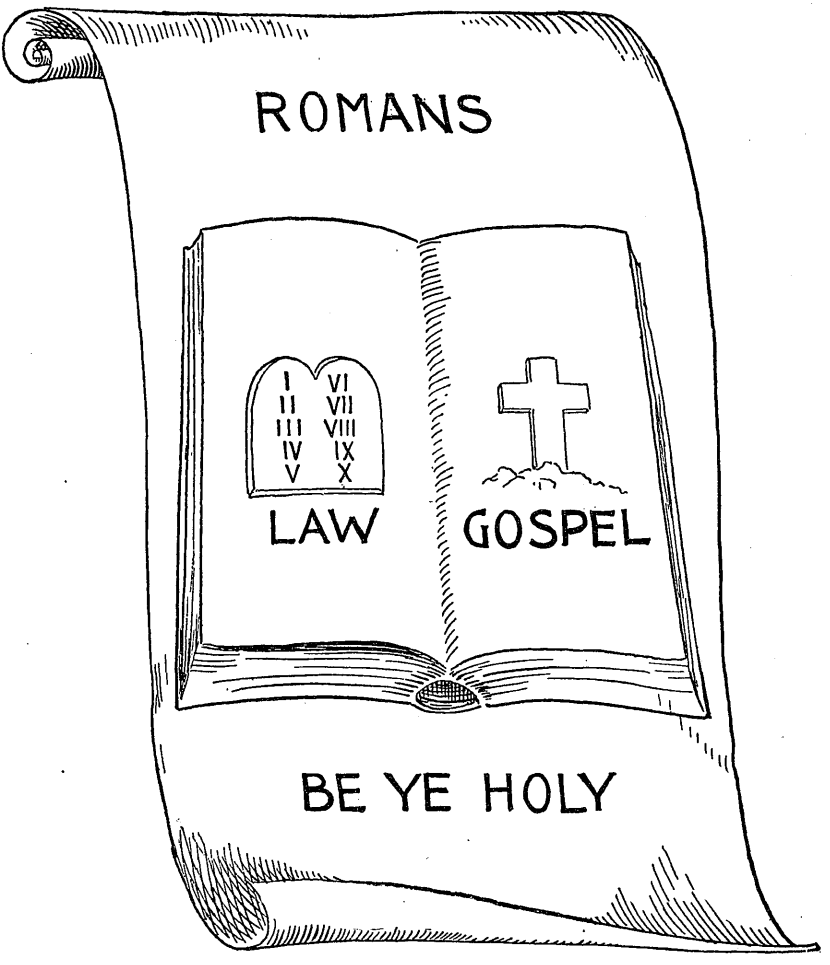

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The Law and the Gospel

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — O. T. WREN

1. The *Law* is ho - ly, just and good, And each command we should o - bey;
2. The Sa - viour kept the per-fect Law, For us he bore the guilt of sin,
3. Then jus - ti - fied by faith are we, By grace and mer - cy from a - bove;

For Mo - ses wrote the ver - y things The Lord re-quires of us to - day.
He died to pay the debt we owe, He lives, to make us pure with-in.
And peace with God, thro' Je - sus Christ, Is ours thro' his re - deem-ing love.

But none have kept, with per - fect heart, The Ten Commands from Si - nai heard,
The *gos - pel* is the bless - ed news Of par - don bought, at high-est cost;
We long to be like Christ our Lord, For "*Be ye ho - ly*" is his word;

For we are weak, and break the Law, In dai - ly thought and deed and word.
Re - demp-tion now is full and free, And none who trust him shall be lost.
We long to spread the glad good news Which our re - joi-cing hearts have heard.

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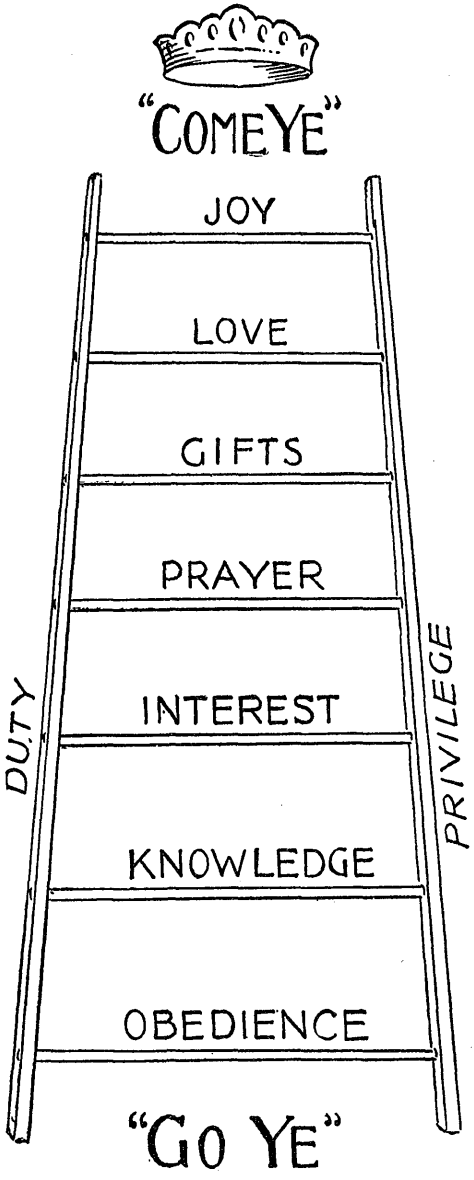

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Suggestive Points

The Missionary Ladder may be drawn as the talk is given, or as the hymn is sung. It should be in gold-color, to show the glory of it. Make much of faith, which gilds every round, though the word does not appear. It is by faith in Jesus and trust in him that we mount upward, in his strength and at his command.

If something more permanent is desired, let the Ladder be drawn upon stiff cardboard, ribbon or cord passed through holes at the top, and the sheet hung up. In this case, a slit cut just below the words "Missionary Ladder," will allow a piece of paper to be passed through to hang down over the ladder, covering the rounds. This may be pulled from behind in such a way as to uncover round by round as the talk or the song proceeds, which adds to the interest of the exercise.

Emphasize the fact that the foundation upon which the ladder rests is the command of Christ. Whether one feels interested or not, it is his duty and his privilege to obey. Obedience is the first step. Obey and then you shall

The Missionary Ladder

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON D. B. TOWNER

1. Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus, "*Go ye* to all the lands." On this secure foun-
2. *O - be - dience* to the Mas-ter, Who died up - on the tree, Will lead to higher
3. The *gifts* of self-de - ni - al Will fol - low swift and soon, And *love* to all the
4. Then "*Come ye*, come ye blessed," Shall be our Saviour's word, The sweetest note of

da - tion The *Mis - sion Lad-der* stands. Of *priv - i - lege* and *du - ty*, The
knowledge, And truth will "make us free." Then when we know their burden, Oh,
lost ones Will be a bless-ed boon. Still mounting ev - er high - er, Our
wel-come That mor - tal ev - er heard. The "*Crown* of great re-joi - cing" Shall

uprights fair are made, The *rounds* with Faith are gilded, Mount upward undismayed.
sure - ly we will care, For *knowledge* of the heathen Brings *interest* and *pray'r*.
love will lead to *joy*, And praise for this dear service Will be our best employ.
be the bright reward, When we shall share with gladness The joy of Christ the Lord.

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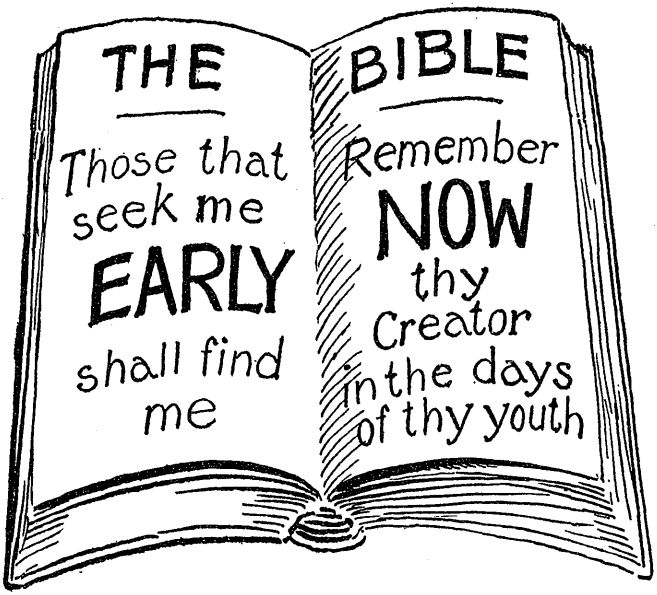
know. Find out who are the lost ones, and where they are whom Jesus calls "other sheep," which also he must bring. He sends those who love him to bring them in.

Knowing leads to caring, and what one cares for he prays for. Praying leads to working if it amounts to anything, and then gifts and self-denial will certainly follow. After one does much for another, love is sure to come, and to love is to rejoice. Joy follows love. Jesus first commands "Go ye" then at last invites, "Come ye." "The Crown of rejoicing" is the reward. It is "The soul-winner's crown."—J. H. J.

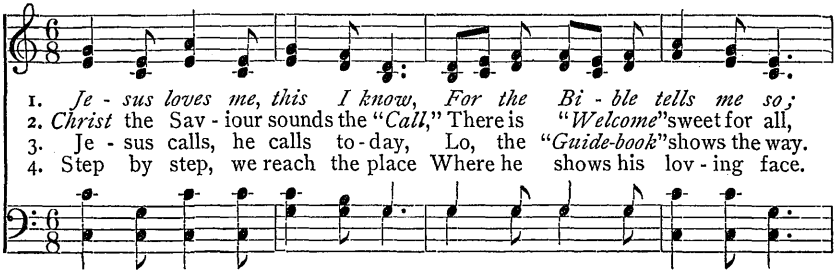
JESUS LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW
FOR



TELLS ME SO

Christ and the Children

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER



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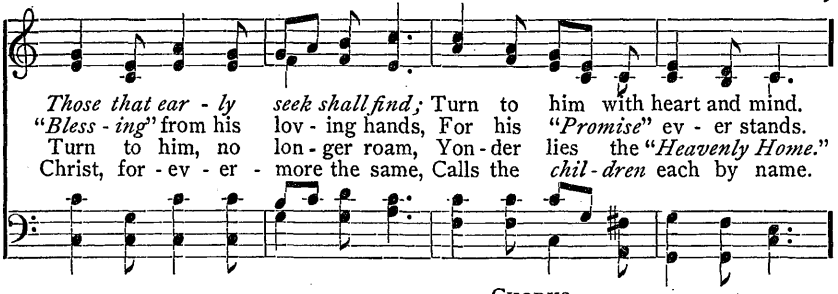
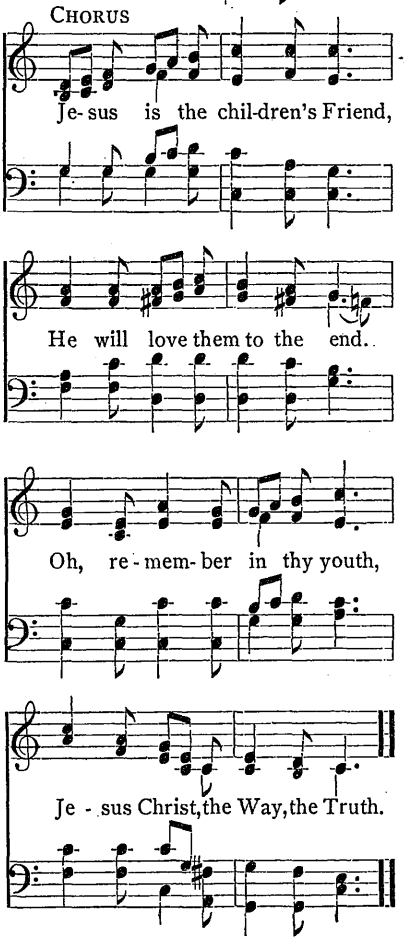
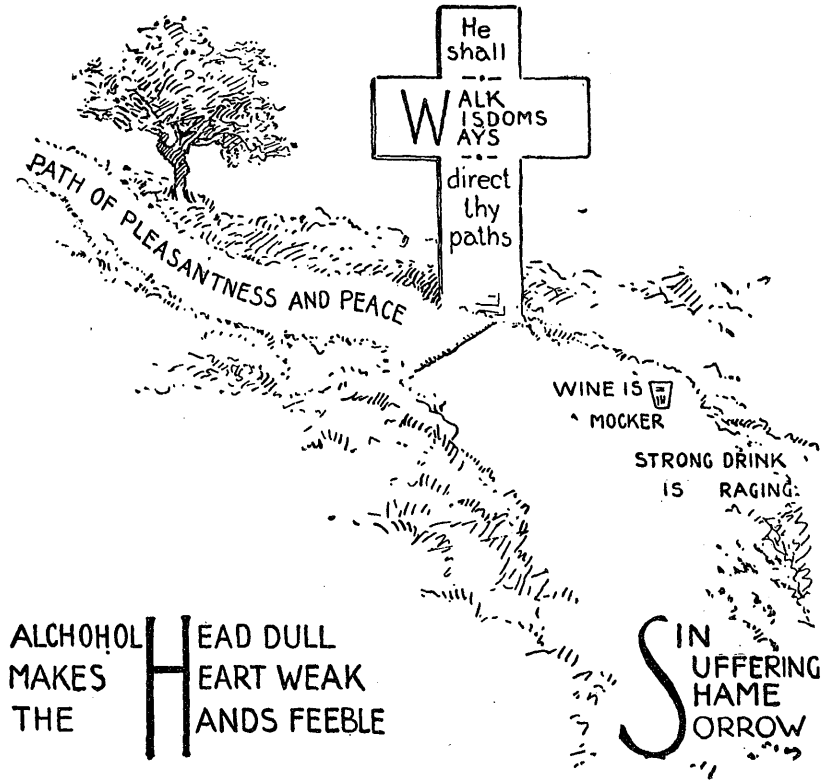

Those that ear - ly seek shall find; Turn to him with heart and mind.
"Bless - ing" from his lov - ing hands, For his "Promise" ev - er stands.
Turn to him, no lon - ger roam, Yon - der lies the "Heavenly Home."
Christ, for - ev - er - more the same, Calls the chil - dren each by name.

CHRIST
HOME HEAVENLY
6
GUIDE BOOK
5
PROMISE
4
BLESSING
3
WELCOME
2
CALL
1
A GIVES
CHILDREN


CHORUS
Je - sus is the chil - dren's Friend,
He will love them to the end.
Oh, re - mem - ber in thy youth,
Je - sus Christ, the Way, the Truth.

SAFETY



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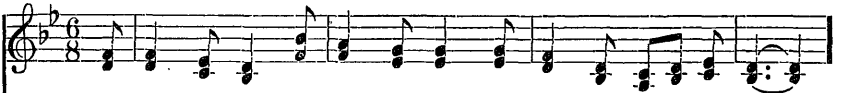
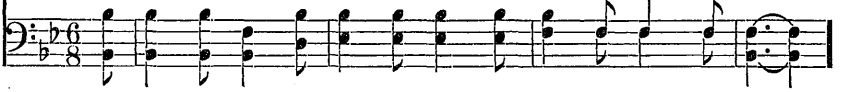
The Upward Path

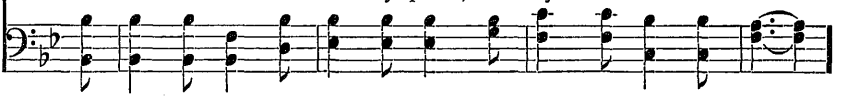
JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See opposite page.) D. B. TOWNER



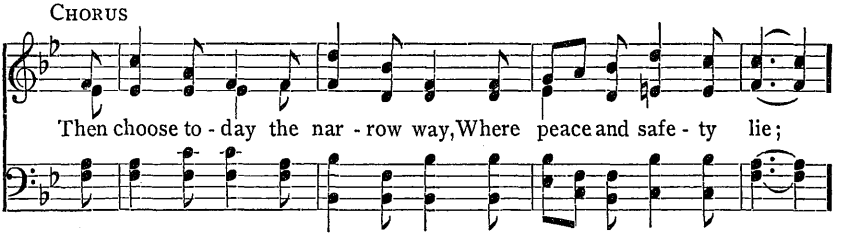
1. Come, *walk* in *Wisdom's* pleas-ant *ways*, For all her *paths* are *peace;*
2. There's dan-ger in the wi-d'ning way That lead-eth *downward* still;
3. The *head* is *dull*, the *heart* is *weak*, The *hands* are *fee - ble* too,
4. From mock-ing wine come wick-ed-ness, And weakness, *want*, and *woe;*
5. Then choose, O choose the up-ward way Of *pleas-ant-ness* and *peace;*



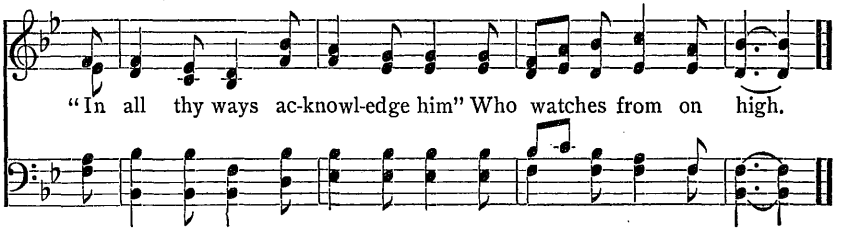
The nar-row way leads up to God, Where toil and tri-als cease.
Touch not the poi-son of the cup The tempt-er waits to fill.
When *Al - co - hol* with burn-ing breath His vic-tim doth pur-sue.
While *sin*, and *suf - fer - ing*, and *shame*, And *sor - row*, wait be-low.
The Lord shall then di-rect thy paths, Till days on earth shall cease.



CHORUS



Then choose to-day the nar-row way, Where peace and safe-ty lie;



"In all thy ways ac-knowl-edge him" Who watches from on high.

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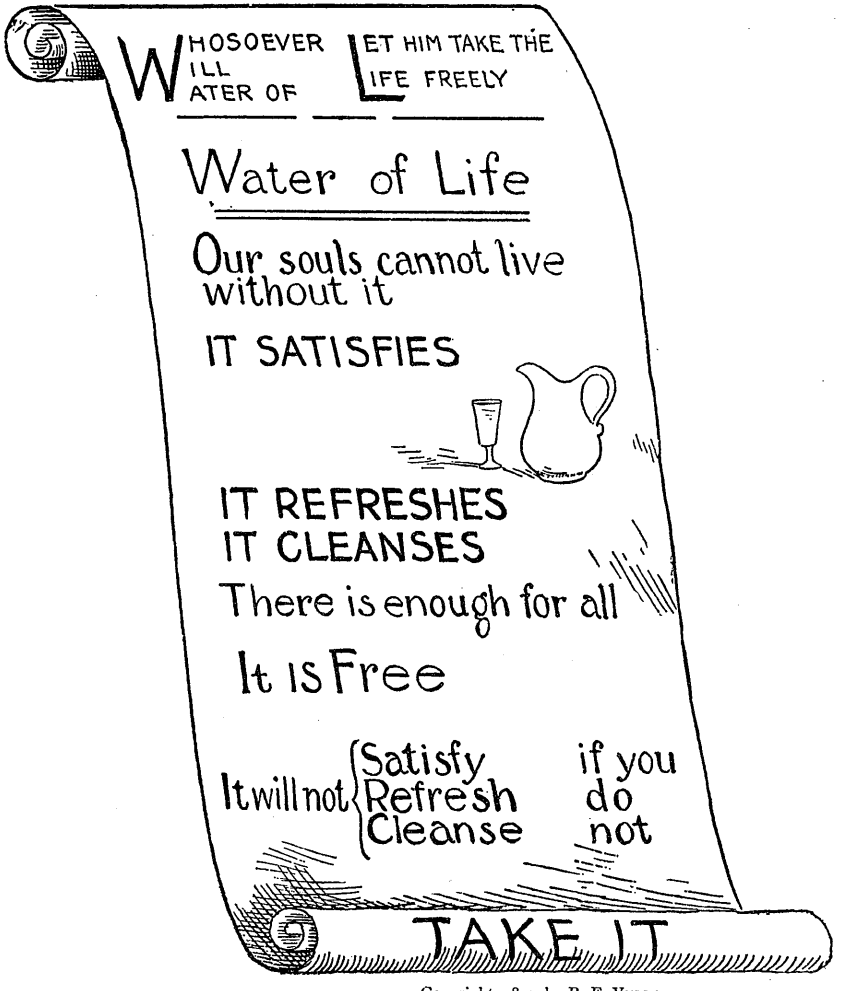

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Take the Water of Life

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. *We can-not live with-out it,* Naught else can sat-is-fy;
2. The foun-tain ev-er flow-eth, *Re-fresh-ing,* pure, and free,
3. *Who-ev-er will, may take it,* For Christ the Sa-viour's sake,

We need the liv-ing wa-ter That com-eth from on high.
E-nough for all who need it, E-nough for you and me.
But none may know the bless-ing, Who will not come and *take.*

CHORUS

Oh, come and take the wa-ter He of-fers you to-day!

For still the Sa-viour call-eth, "Why will ye go a-way?"

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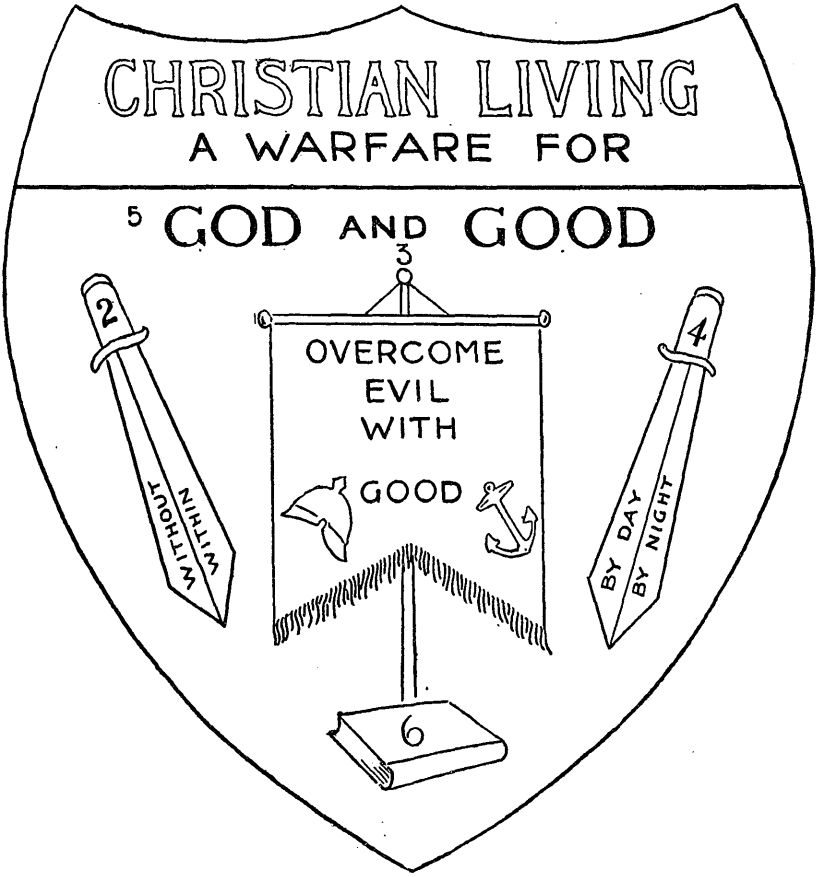

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Christian Living

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON D. B. TOWNER

1. Come, put on the [1]*ar-mor* of Je-sus, Make read-y to bat-tle with sin,
2. The Banner of Truth we must fol-low, Nor lin-ger, in doubt and in fear;
3. Right on-ward, for-ev-er-more on-ward, We march in the strength of the King;
4. What-ev-er the sin that op-pos-es, The or-der must be un-der-stood;

And con-quer the foes that be-set us, [2]The foes, both *without* and *with-in.*
[4]For Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Fear not, for the Cap-tain is near.
[5]For *God, and the good* of our neighbor, Our lives as an of-f'ring we bring.
[6]"Be not o-ver-come by the e-vil, But o-ver-come e-vil with good."

CHORUS

Lift high the vic-to-ri-ous [3]*ban-ner*, The Truth, that for a-ges has stood;

Be firm in the midst of temp-ta-tion, And *o-ver-come e-vil with good.*

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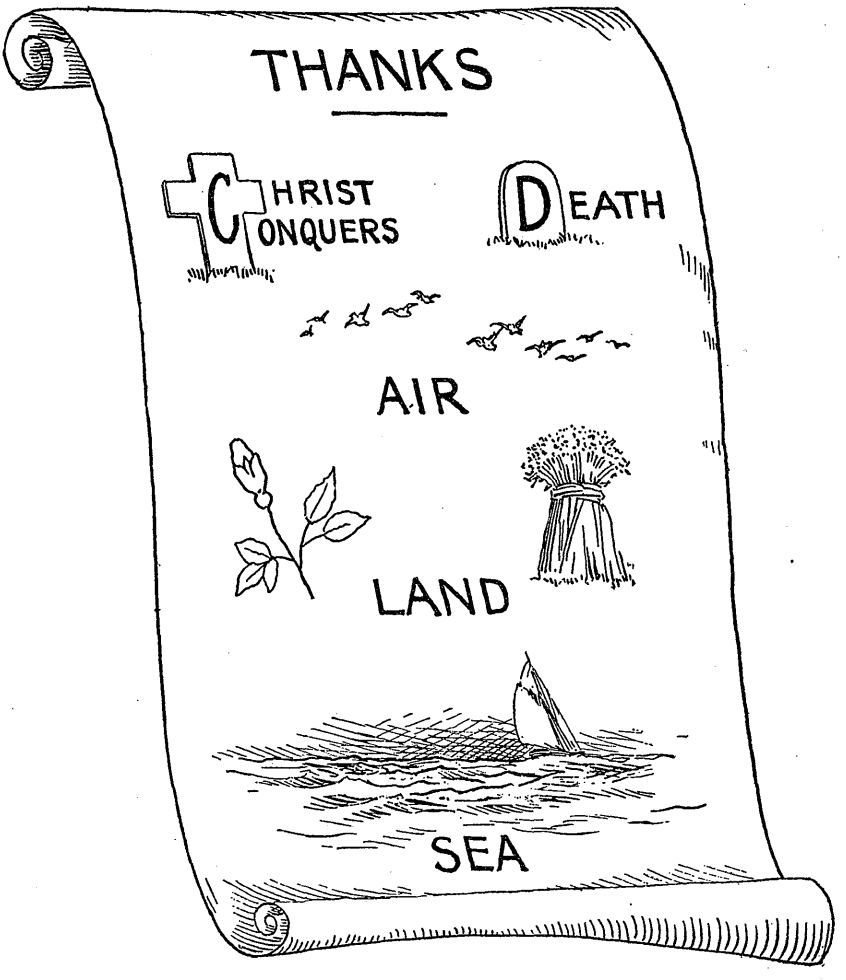

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The Resurrection and the Life

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

cres.

1. *Christ* has *conquered Death* for - ev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing his praise.
2. *Earth* and *air*, and heav - ing *o - cean*, Show his won-drous pow'r and might;
3. *Flow'rs* in ten - der beau - ty grow-ing, Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er;
4. Je - sus lives, o'er Death vic - to - rious, Shout his prais - es ev - er - more;

cres. *ff*

Noth - ing from his love shall sev - er, Hal - le - lu - jah, sing his praise.
Rend - ing rocks, in wild com - mo - tion, Show his won - drous pow'r and might.
Sheaves that ri - pen af - ter sow - ing, Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er.
We shall see his face all - glo - rious, Shout his prais - es ev - er - more.

CHORUS

Hal - le - lu - jah, sing his prais - es, Life, e - ter - nal life, he gives;

We shall reign with him for - ev er, We shall live be-cause he lives.

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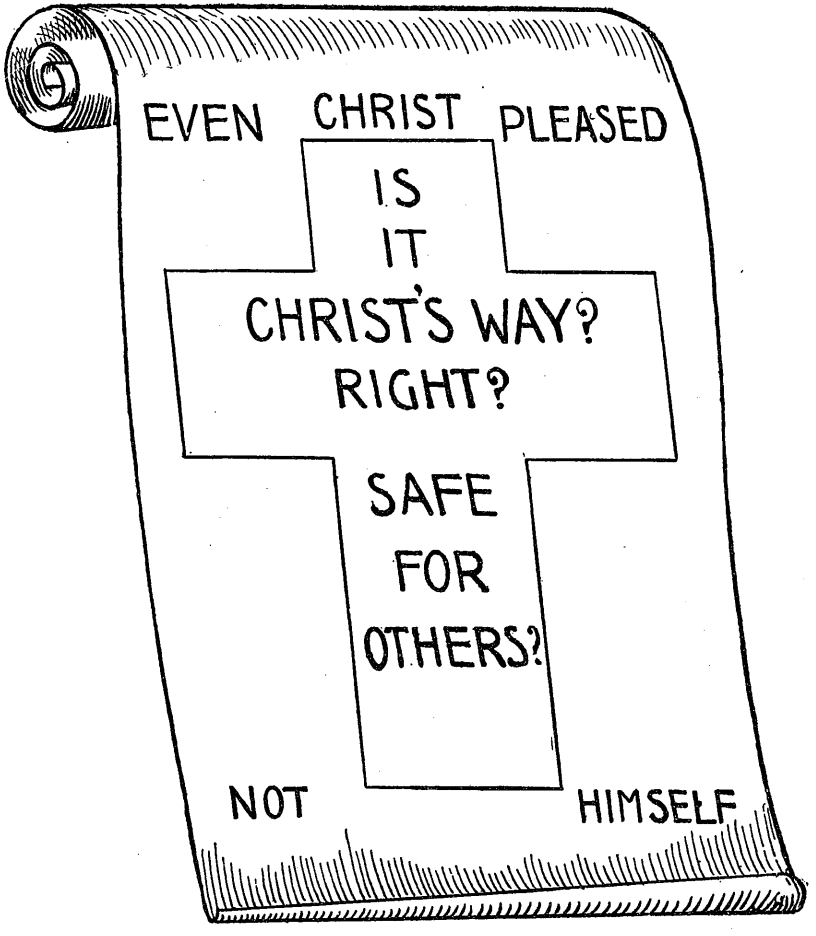

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Look Not on the Wine

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — RAND L. NEWTON

1. Look not on the ru - by wine, In the gob - let glow - ing;
2. In the cup a ser - pent hides, By and by he ra - ges;
3. *Is it Christ the Sa - viour's way, Is it right,* my broth - ers?
4. *Ev - en Christ pleased not him - self,* Christ, the meek and low - ly;

Touch not, taste not, han - dle not, Well the dan - ger know - ing.
In the tempt - er's ser - vice hard, Death will be the wa - ges.
Is it safe for an - y one? Is it safe *for oth - ers?*
Dai - ly seek to be like him, Lov - ing, pure and ho - ly.

CHORUS

Look not on the ru - by wine, Spark-ling in its beau - ty;

Shun the tempt - er's cru - el snare, Brave - ly fol - low du - ty.

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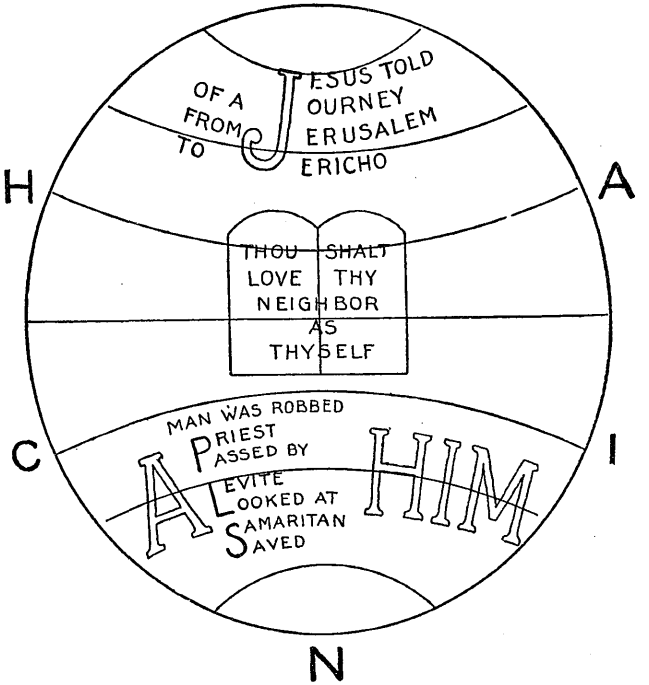

I WILL LEARN OF
LOVE
LIVE FOR MY
NEIGHBORS

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China's multitude of souls,
Hindoos, where the Ganges rolls,
Afghans, in their bitter need,
Indians, ignorant indeed,
Negroes, groping in the night,
All are waiting for the light.
How shall I these nations reach?
How these blinded millions teach?

NOTE.— The following may be used as a Missionary Concert exercise, dividing class or school into sections, one division singing the first two lines of the first and second verses, the other section the last two. The acrostic recitation can be given by five children, each reciting one line, and joining in the last three. It will be more effective if little banners with letters spelling C H A I N be carried, or white

Who Is My Neighbor

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Tell me, pray, who is my neigh- bor? Is it one who dwelleth nigh?
2. Tell me, then, my heav'n-sent du - ty To my neighbor, far and near.
3. Bind the Chain of Love a - bout them, Love that from no serv - ice shrinks;
4. By the grace of God I prom- ise Now to learn of those in need;
5. I will go where Je - sus sends me, I will do what he commands,

Those who need thy help are neighbors, If their need thou canst supply.
As thy - self thou still shalt love him; Hark, the word rings loud and clear!
This a - lone will reach and hold them, Chain of Love, with gold-en links.
I will love and live to serve them, For my neighbors dai - ly plead.
Send a - far the bless - ed ti - dings, To these dis-tant, darkened lands.

CHORUS

Tell me, pray, who is my neighbor? Show me what my hands can do.

God will show thee, he will help thee, To thy ho - ly trust be true.

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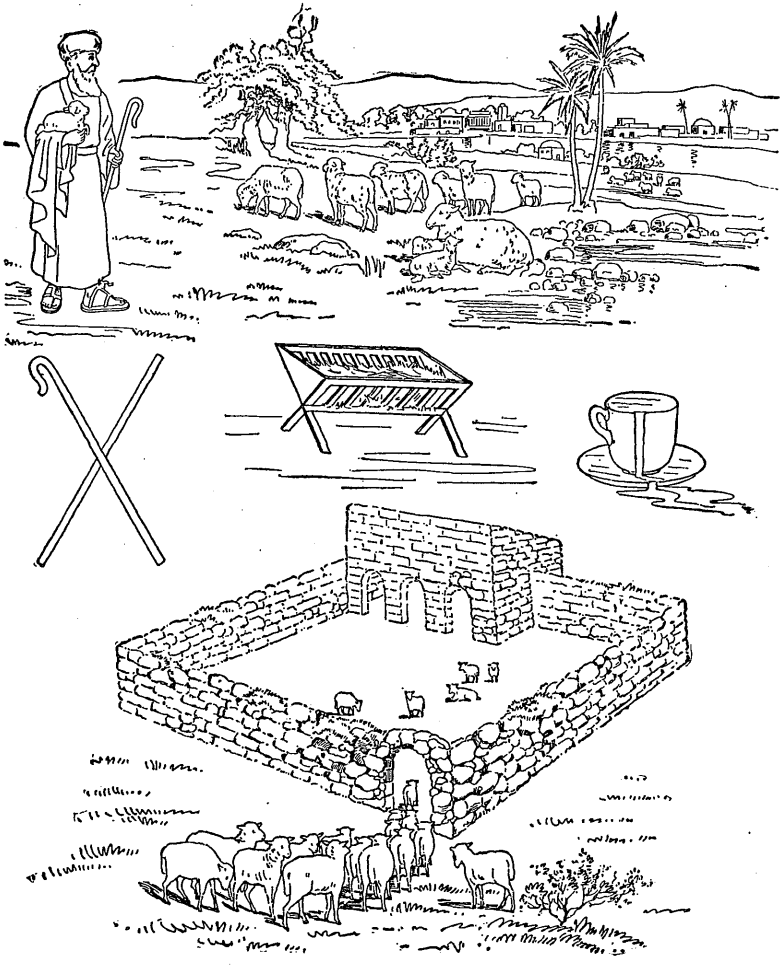
shields worn, bearing the letters. If two smaller children be added to the group, standing in front, bearing words "Of Love," the impression will be deeper.

After recitation, the second section, or the division that sang the second part of the first verses, may sing the verse beginning "Bind the chain," and the entire school or class join in the last two verses.



NOTE.— This set of colored cardboard pictures with a course of ten supplemental lessons upon th. Twenty-third Psalm is published by Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. Price, 50 cents.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON D. B. TOWNER

1. The Lord 's my Shep-herd: lit - tle lambs May safe-ly trust his care; I
2. When thro' the val - ley I must walk, Where death's dark shadows fall, With
3. Thy care un-ceas-ing I will trust, I fol - low af - ter thee; For

shall not want, for he will lead To pas - tures green and fair. Be -
rod and staff thou wilt be near, To help me when I call. A
thou dost call me to thy side, Thy lit - tle lamb to be. Thy

side the wa - ters, safe and still, He guides me day by day, day by day; And
bounteous table thou dost spread, Thou givest more and more, more and more; With
good - ness, mer - cy, love and truth, Shall fol - low me each day, me each day; And

in the paths of right - eous-ness, He gen - tly leads the way.
all the bless - ings of thy love, Be - hold, my cup runs o'er.
I shall dwell in God's own house, My Shep - herd says I may.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

REFRAIN

Oh, lov - ing Shepherd, call my name, And keep me near thy side; For thou art ev - er-more the same, My Guar-dian, Friend and Guide.

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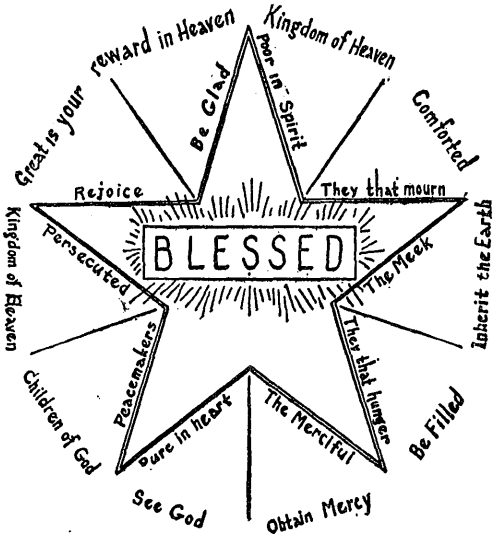

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The Beatitudes

JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See opposite page.) D. B. TOWNER

CHANT

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
2. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be com - fort - ed.
3. Blessed are the meek, for they shall in - her - it the earth.
4. { Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for } they shall be filled.

REFRAIN *rall.*

Oh, make me poor in spir - it, Lord, Bless me, ac - cord-ing to thy word.
Oh, make me sor -row -ful for sin, Thy prom-ised com-fort let me win.
Let me be meek and low - ly, Lord, And gain from thee the blest re - ward.
Lord, make me hun -gry for thy love, And fill my soul from heav'n a-bove.

After last verse only *rall.*

Let me, O Lord, be blest in-deed, Thy faith - ful prom - is - es I plead.

5 Blessed are the merciful, for | they shall ob | tain | mercy.||

REFRAIN

Make me both merciful and kind,
That I thy mercy, Lord, may find.

6 Blessed are the pure in heart, for | they shall | see | God.||

REFRAIN

Lord, make me pure, from evil free,
That I thy blessed face may see.

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7 Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be | called the | children of | God.||

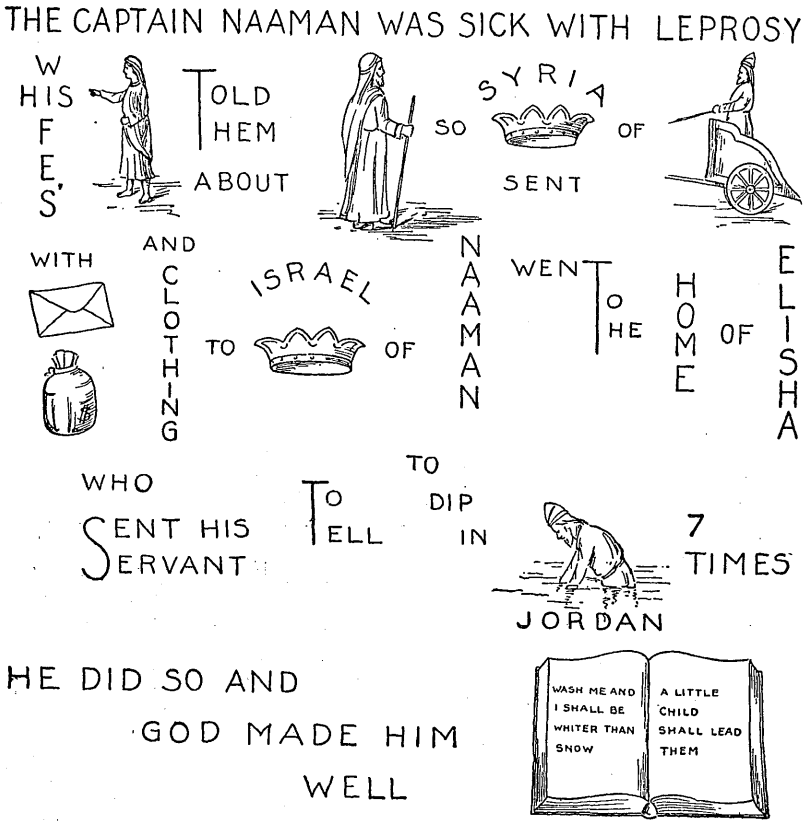
REFRAIN

Let me make peace, call me thy child,
Oh, make me gentle, patient, mild.

8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.||

REFRAIN

Let me rejoice the cross to bear,
Let me thy heavenly kingdom share.



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Blackboard Story.

The Captain Naaman was sick with leprosy. His wife's little maid told them about the prophet Elisha. So the king of Syria sent Naaman with a letter, money and clothing to the king of Israel. Naaman went to the home of Elisha, who sent his servant to tell Naaman to dip in Jordan seven times. He did so, and God made him well.

The Little Captive Maid

(To be sung as a solo, or unison chorus.)

(See opposite page.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON D. B. TOWNER

1. Long, long a - go, a cap - tive maid, A won-drous mes - sage gave;
2. No help or cure was in her hand, She was a cap - tive maid;
3. So chil - dren now can spread the news Of Je - sus' pow'r to cure;

For she be - lieved in Is - rael's God, With pow'r to help and save.
But she could tell the way to go, To gain the proph-et's aid.
To heal the wea - ry, sin - sick heart, And make the spir - it pure.

The word she spoke, the truth she told, Her haugh-ty mas - ter moved;
The sore dis - ease and wast - ing pain Were lost in Jor - dan's wave;
'T is Je - sus on - ly who can save As in the old - en day;

And when he sought the way a - right, The way of life it proved.
The Syr - ian cap - tain learn'd that God Was strong to help and save.
But all may find him if they will,— A child may point the way.

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Blackboard Story

One day Jesus and all his disciples went beyond Bethsaida to rest. When people saw Jesus in a boat going to the desert place, they ran ahead on land. He gave up his rest to teach them. When the day was done the disciples told Jesus to send the people off, but Jesus told them to feed the people. A boy in the crowd had five loaves and two fishes. Andrew brought him to Jesus, who took the food, looked up to heaven, blessed and brake the loaves and fishes and gave pieces to the disciples. The disciples carried the food to the people.

Feeding the Five Thousand

JULIA H. JOHNSTON (See opposite page.) T. R. BOWDEN

1. Be-yond Beth-sai-da's bor-ders, The wea-ry Sa-viour went,
2. With pa-tient love he taught them, Till shad-ows fell a-pace,
3. A lit-tle lad a-mong them, His loaves and fish-es spared;
4. Then bring your all to Je-sus, How-ev-er poor and small;

To rest with his dis-ci-ples, Be-fore the day was spent;
And all the peo-ple hun-ger'd, In that far des-ert place.
But Je-sus blessed and brake them, And all the boun-ty shared.
Come, ha-sten now to bring it, The "lit-tle lads" and all.

But ea-ger peo-ple has-ten'd, The Son of man to seek;
His heart with pit-y melt-ed; "How man-y loaves have ye?"
With on-ly this pro-vi-sion, Which Je-sus bless'd and brake,
'T is not the gifts we of-fer, That help the world to-day,

The poor and heav-y-la-den, De-sired to hear him speak.
He said to the dis-ci-ples, And bade them "go and see."
They fed the hun-gry thou-sands, That day, be-side the lake.
But Je-sus' bless-ing on them, That sends them on their way.

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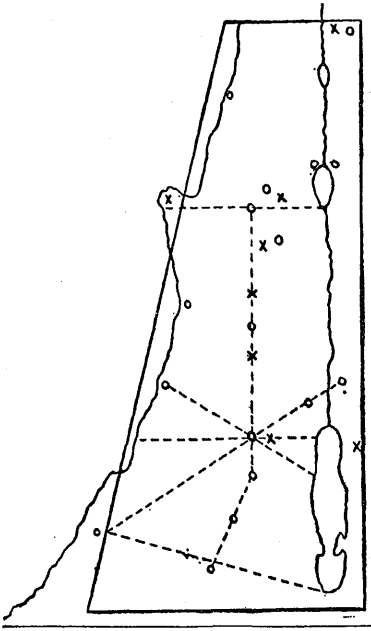


HELPS TO MAP DRAWING

OUTLINE.—Decide *length* of map for eastern border. Make southern border *one-half* the length of eastern border. Make northern border *one-half* the length of southern border. Place "point" on coast line for Mt. Carmel *one-third* the distance south on coast line.

CENTRAL CITIES.—Draw line from north of Dead Sea to coast. Half-way along this line locate Jerusalem. South of Jerusalem is Bethlehem, and east is Bethany. Draw line from south of Sea of Galilee to coast. Half-way along this line locate Nazareth. North-east of Nazareth, is Cana and southeast is Nain. Half-way between Nazareth and Jerusalem, in direct line, locate Sychar.

COAST CITIES.—Draw line from half-way between the top and "thumb" of Dead Sea, through Jerusalem to coast to locate Joppa. Half-way south from Joppa, along the coast, is Gaza. Half-way north between Joppa and Mt. Carmel is Cæsarea.

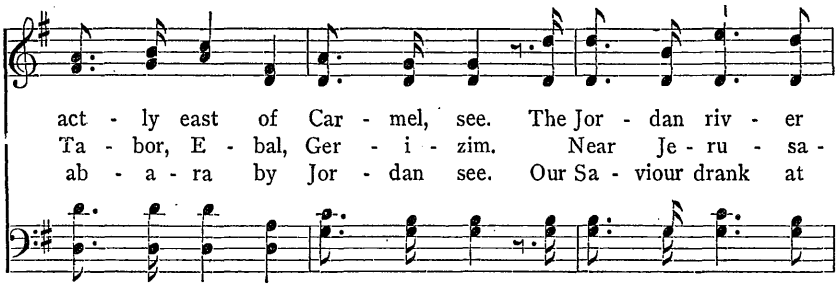
SOUTHERN CITIES.—Draw line from Gaza, through Jerusalem to river Jordan to locate Jericho and Bethabara. Draw line from Gaza to south of Dead Sea, and one from Bethlehem to central point of this to locate Hebron and Beersheba.

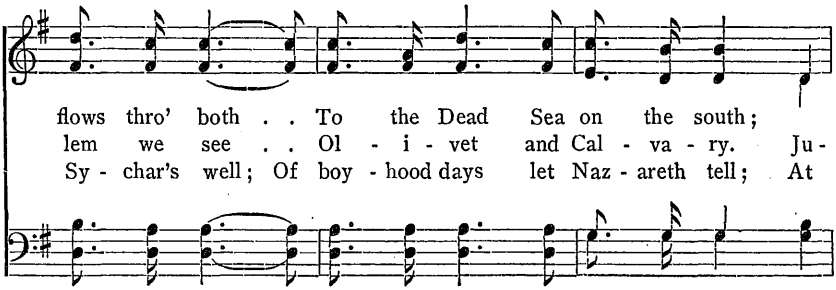
NELLIE BROWN

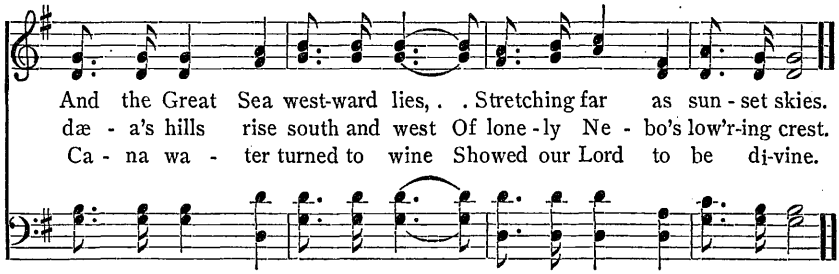
Palestine Song

Music arranged

1. First the line on coast we make; Me - rom next, a marsh - y lake; Then the Sea of Gal - i - lee, Ex -
2. Look - ing north - ward you may view Leb - a - non and Her - mon, too; Car - mel and Gil - bo - a grim, . . .
3. On Zi - on stands Je - ru - sa - lem; Six miles south is Beth - le - hem; On Ol - ives' slope is Beth - an - y, Beth -







4 Capernaum by Galilee,
Near its twin Bethsaida see;
Cæsarea Philippi
At Hermon's base is seen to lie;
Along the coast these three appear,
Gaza, Joppa, Cæsarea;
South to Bethel we may go,
To Hebron next and Jericho.

5 From heathen Tyre materials came
To build a temple to God's name;
The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
Jesus raised to life again.
See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise,
Beersheba nearer tropic skies;
North and south these cities stand,
And mark the length of Israel's land.

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_____ SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

_____

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

This certifies that

_____

is a member of this department and for faithfulness during the year_____, is entitled to the following seals for each quarter:—

Attendance

Memorizing "Golden Text"

Church Attendance

Daily Bible Readings

_____ *Jr. Supt.*

_____ *Teacher.*

Anniversary Song

(To be sung after receiving certificates of promotion by those promoted.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — N. T. DE NORLAWN

1. All hail the glad and wel-come day Which ends the hap - py year.
2. And here be - low, the rec-ord shows These bright and shining seals;
3. The Gold - en Texts, of price-less worth, Are hid - den in the heart;

The sto - ry of the Sabbaths past, We meet with joy to hear.
Each star that clus-ters 'round the name, The faith-ful life re - veals.
And dai - ly read-ings of the Word, Re - veal the "bet - ter part."

In heav'n-ly mansions by and by, When breaks the gold - en morn,
The pass-ing weeks have found us still Where precious truths are learned;
With grate-ful hearts we lift to God Our songs of love and praise,

In crowns of life the stars will shine, Their beau-ty to a - dorn.
To Sun - day - school and to God's house, Our will - ing feet have turned.
For pas - tor, teach - ers, les - sons, truths, And joys that crown the days.

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Tell the Glad Story

John 3: 16.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and his love, Tell it, 'mid sor-row and strife,
2. Tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and his love, Love ev - er - last - ing and free.
3. Tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and his love, Mul - ti-tudes nev-er have heard;
4. Tell the glad sto - ry of Christ and his love, Sing of his vic - to - ry, sing;

Un-to all who believe, and the Saviour re-ceive, He giv-eth e - ter - nal life.
It is offered to all; still repeat his sweet call, O wea - ry one, come to me.
Spread the tidings to-day, not a mo-ment de-lay, Till all have re-ceived the word.
Let the Saviour of men be tri-um-phant a-gain, In souls that shall crown him King.

CHORUS

Tell the glad sto-ry! Tell the glad sto-ry! Tell it a - gain and a - gain;

rall.

How the King from above, in his won-der-ful love, Has giv - en his life for men.

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Birthday Song

E. E. Hewitt — D. B. Towner

1. For our pleas - ant birth - days, While we glad - ly sing,
2. Man - y lit - tle chil - dren Now are sick or sad,

For our years so hap - py, Lord, our gifts we bring;
These will we re - mem - ber, Help to make them glad;

For thy love, dear Sa - viour, For thy ten - der care,
May we tru - ly love thee, Thy dear chil - dren be;

Thank - ful hearts we give thee, Hear our birth - day pray'r.
Take our lives, Lord Je - sus, All our days for thee.

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The Risen Jesus

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

Moderato

1. Soft - ly the light of the beau-ti - ful morning Fell on the garden, all smiling with bloom,
2. "Seek not the liv - ing at death's gloomy portal, Je - sus is ris - en, oh, be not a-fraid;
3. Lo, in the midst of disciples assembled, Showing the wounds in his hands and his feet,

When, in the dawn, without trumpet of warning, An - gels descended to o-pen the tomb.
He is not here," said the angel immortal; "Come, see the place where the Saviour was laid."
Ten - der-ly, ten-derly, while they all trembled, "Peace, peace be unto you," hear him repeat.

Wom - en of Gal - i - lee, fol - low-ers low- ly, Bringing their spices in to - ken of love,
Won - der-ful tid- ings! oh, message of gladness! He who was dead liveth now in the skies.
Je - sus, vic - to - ri - ous, God ev - er - liv-ing, Sa-viour of sinners, thy praises we sing.

Seek - ing for Je - sus, the Master all - ho-ly, Found the bright messengers sent from above.
Tell to all hearts that are mourning in sadness, Je - sus is ris-en; his children shall rise.
Hear us, we pray, in our joy-ful thanksgiving, Ris - en Re-deem-er and conquering King.

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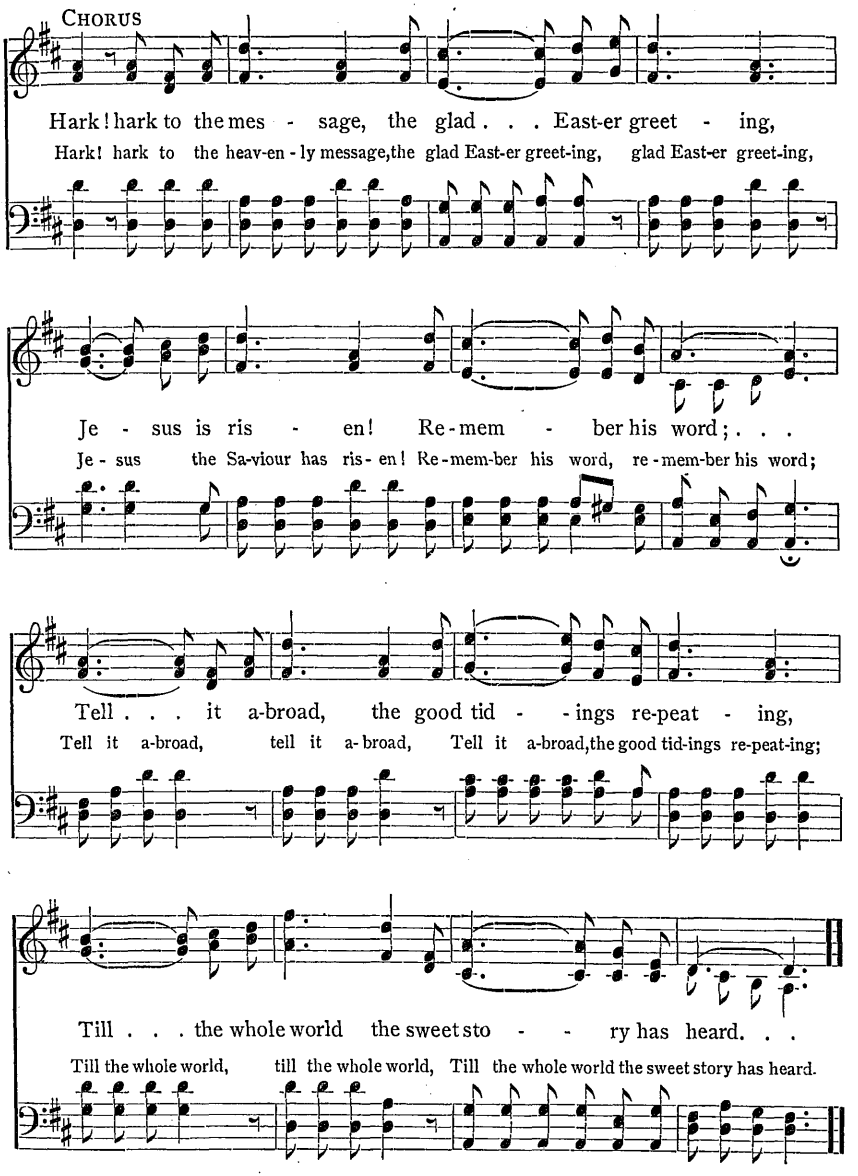
CHORUS
Hark! hark to the mes - sage, the glad . . . East-er greet - ing,
Hark! hark to the heav-en - ly message, the glad East-er greet-ing, glad East-er greet-ing,
Je - sus is ris - en! Re-mem - ber his word; . . .
Je - sus the Sa-viour has ris-en! Re-mem-ber his word, re-mem-ber his word;
Tell . . . it a-broad, the good tid - - ings re-peat - ing,
Tell it a-broad, tell it a-broad, Tell it a-broad, the good tid-ings re-peat-ing;
Till . . . the whole world the sweet sto - - ry has heard. . .
Till the whole world, till the whole world, Till the whole world the sweet story has heard.

Easter Song

MARY O. SPARROW — T. R. BOWDEN

1. Sweet Easter morn that saw the Lord arise, Sweet Easter day when praises rent the skies,
2. Sweet har - bin-ger of joy and peace and love, Glad en-sign of a glorious life a - bove,

Shed o'er me, with thy rays of heal-ing balm, A heav'nly peace, a high and ho- ly calm.
Thy peace-ful vig - ils in my life shall reign, Ban-ish all doubts and hallow grief and pain.

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The Easter Message

M. E. BLAIKIE — D. B. TOWNER

1. What do the Easter lil - ies say, Soft - ly, soft - ly grow-ing? Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
2. Lil - ies, ring your Easter bells, Gai -ly, gai - ly ring them; Joyous news ye have to tell
3. Sing it, heart that once was sad, Sweetly, sweetly sing it; Christ is risen to make you glad,

He is risen to live al- way, This the Eas er lil - ies say, Soft - ly, soft - ly grow - ing.
Of the Christ whom we love well, He is risen! O Easter-bells, Gai - ly, gai - ly ring it.
Sing then, heart, and be not sad. Lilies, children, one and all, Sweet-ly, sweetly, sing it.

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He Is Risen

L. G. S. LUCY G. STOCK

1. Ring, sweet lil - y - bells, ring to - day, Your joy - ous East - er chime;
2. Sing, oh, bird - ies, sing loud and clear, Your sweetest mu - sic sing;
3. Wake, gay but - ter - fly, spread your wings, 'T is hap - py East - er day;
4. Sing, ye chil - dren, your voi - ces raise, On this glad East - er morn;

"Christ, the Lord, is ris'n," you say, At this glad East - er time.
Lift your voi - ces far and near, To greet our ris - en King.
The lil - y - bell its mes - sage rings, The bird - ie sings his lay.
Swell the cho - rus, sing and praise, For Christ a - rose at dawn.

CHORUS

"He is ris - en, he is ris - en," Sing the hap - py sto - ry;

"He is ris - en, he is ris - en," Christ the Lord of glo - ry.

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Marching Song

LUCY G. STOCK GEORGE CHADWICK STOCK

March time

INTRODUCTION AND INTERLUDE

1. We are lit - tle sol - diers march - ing, In the ser - vice of our King; Forth to bat - tle we are press - ing,
2. Brave - ly 'gainst the wrong we're fight - ing, Christ, our Cap - tain, leads the way. Trust - ing him, we'll sure - ly con - quer,
3. Ban - ners fly - ing, voi - ces shout - ing Prais - es to our Sa - viour King. On to vic - t'ry we are march - ing;

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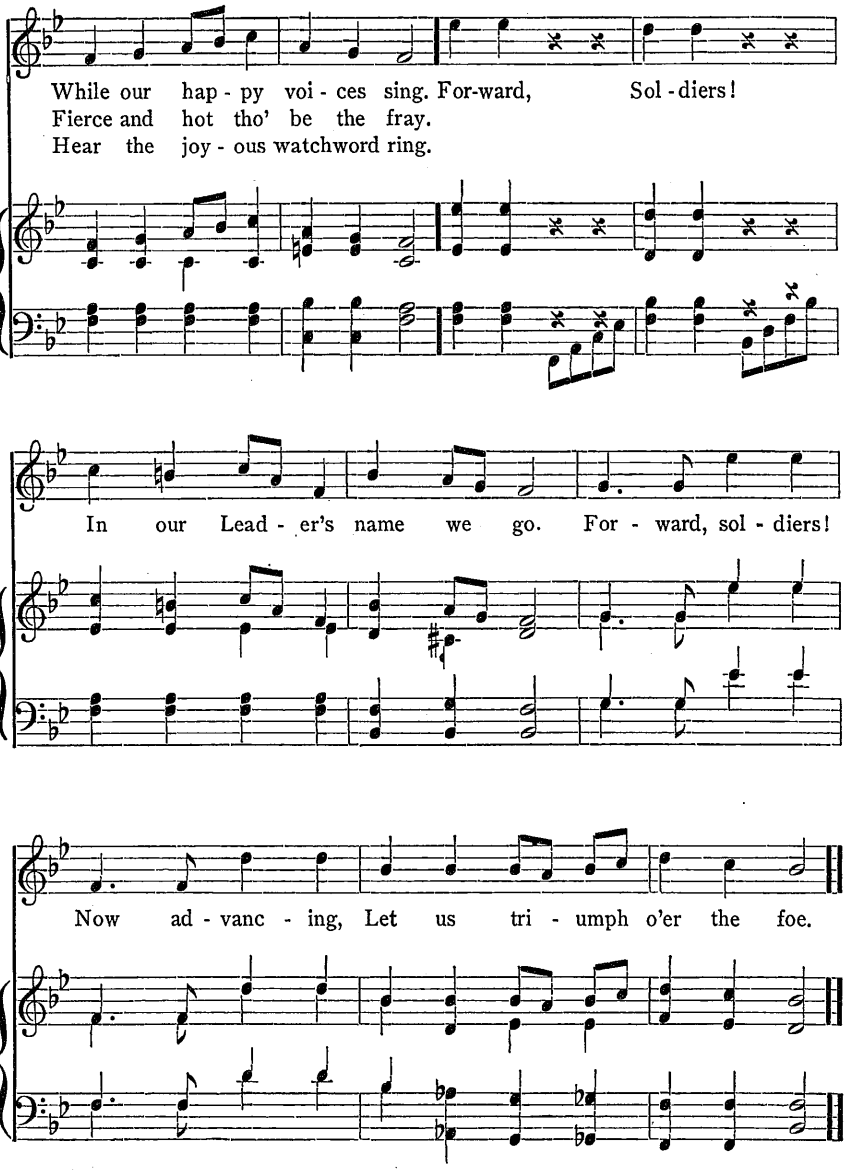
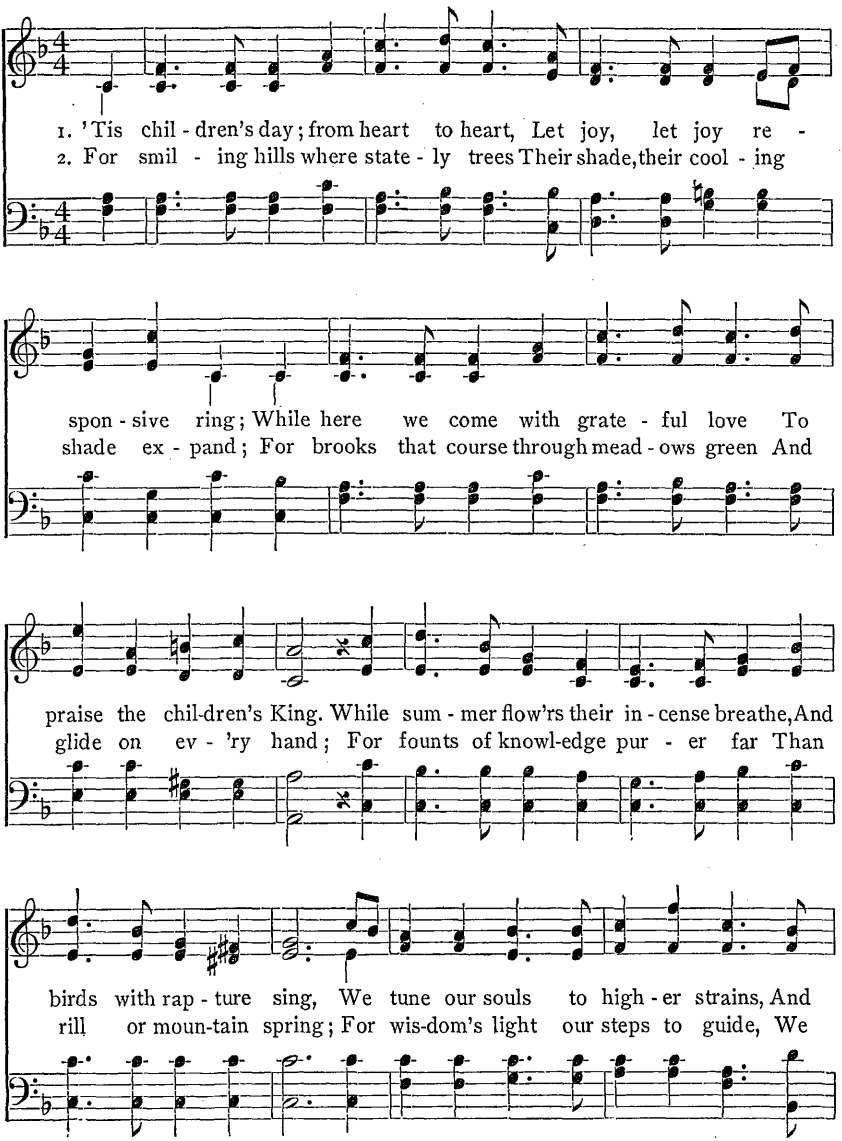
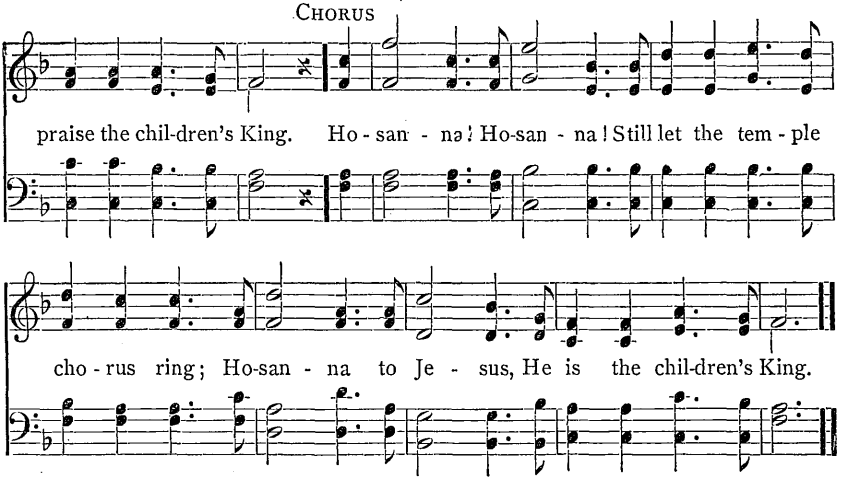
CHORUS

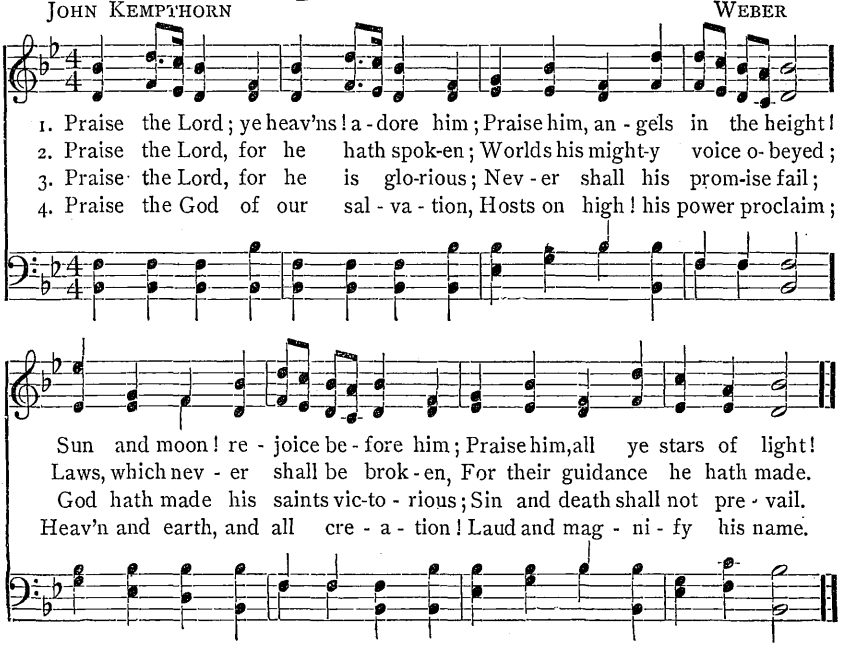

While our hap - py voi - ces sing. For-ward, Sol - diers!
Fierce and hot tho' be the fray.
Hear the joy - ous watchword ring.
In our Lead - er's name we go. For - ward, sol - diers!
Now ad - vanc - ing, Let us tri - umph o'er the foe.

Processional Hymn





Praise the Lord



Star of Beauty

E. H. Hewitt — D. B. Towner

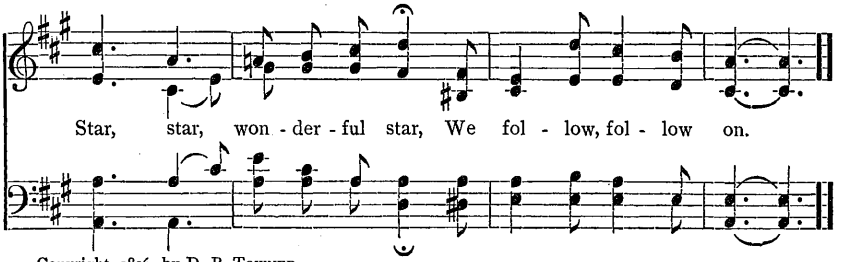
1. Star of beau - ty, Bethlehem's Star, We fol - low, fol - low on; Lead-ing pil-grims
2. Star of beau - ty, star of joy, We fol - low, fol - low on; Shine for ev - 'ry
3. Star that guides to Je - sus still, We fol - low, fol - low on; March-ing up to

from a - far, We fol - low, fol - low on. While "the her - ald an - gels sing,"
girl and boy, We fol - low, fol - low on. God's own Word our light shall be,
Zi - on's hill, We fol - low, fol - low on. Ev - 'ry Bi - ble word we learn,

We may find the Saviour King, Love and praise and gladness bring; We follow, follow on.
Till the heav'nly Child we see; Shine for others, shine for me; We follow, follow on.
Like a star will brightly burn, Till our hearts to Je - sus turn; We follow, follow on.

Chorus

Star, star, beau - ti - ful star, We fol - low, fol - low on;



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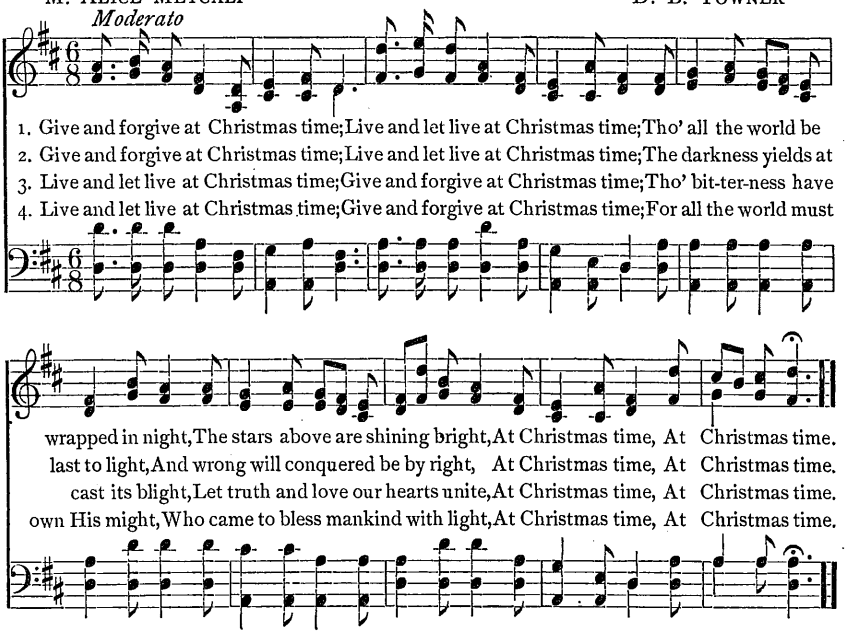
At Christmas Time

M. Alice Metcalf — D. B. Towner

Moderato



5 Give and forgive
At Christmas time;
Live and let live
At Christmas time;
Till through the year shall shine the light
That glorified the Holy Night,
At Christmas time,
At Christmas time.

6 Give and forgive
At Christmas time;
Live and let live
At Christmas time;
From deepest depth and highest height,
Be praise to God and glory bright,
At Christmas time,
At Christmas time.

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Under the Stars

ANNA S. DRISCOLL — MARGARET COOTE BROWN

1. Un-der the stars, one ho - ly night, A lit-tle Babe was born;
2. Un-der the stars, one bless-ed night, The Christ-Child came on earth,
3. Un-der the stars this hap-py night, We wait for him once more,

O-ver his head a star shone bright, And glis-ten'd till the morn;
And thro' the dark-ness broke the light Of morn-ing at his birth;
And seem to see the wondrous sight The shep-herds saw of yore.

And wise men came from far a-way, And shepherds wonder'd where he lay
And sweet ho-san-nas fill'd the air, And guard-ian an-gels watch'd him where
O Ba-by born in Beth-le-hem! Come to us as you came to them,

Up-on his low-ly bed of hay, Un-der the stars one night.
The vir-gin moth-er knelt in pray'r, Un-der the stars one night.
And crown us with love's di-a-dem, Un-der the stars this night.

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The Christmas Story

JULIA H. JOHNSTON B. T. WORDEN

1. Long a - go, in Bethlehem's manger, Christ was born, the Saviour King; An-gel voi-ces shout the welcome, Hark, the glad hosannas ring. In the East, a star ap-pearing, Herald of his wondrous birth, Shed its beams of light and glory O'er the sinning, sorrowing earth; Shed its beams of light and glo-ry O'er the sinning, sorrowing earth.

2. By its clear and radiant shin - ing, Wise men from the East were led; "Where is he, the heaven-born ruler? We have seen his star," they said. Herod's heart was deeply troubled, But the wise men from a-far, Found the lowly Bethlehem cra-dle, Guided by the wondrous star; Found the lowly Bethlehem cradle, Guided by the wondrous star.

3. With no shin - ing star to guide me, I can find my Saviour King; He is near and he is waiting, Willing gifts a child may bring. Lord of life and King of glo - ry, Christ a lit - tle child was born; Tell a-gain the Christmas story, Bring him gifts on Christmas morn; Tell again the Christmas story, Bring Him gifts on Christmas morn.

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The Angel's Song

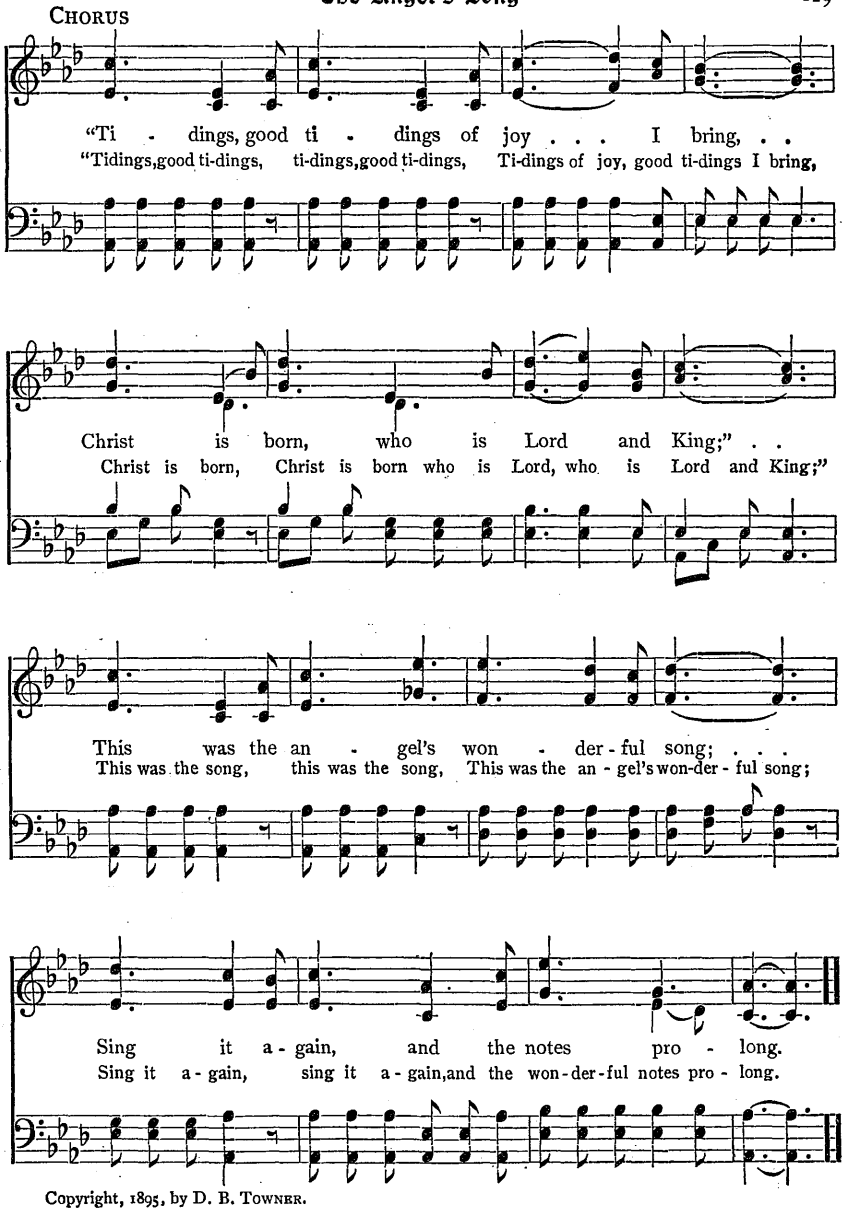
JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Un-der the beau - ti - ful Syr - ian sky, Keeping their flocks while the night went by.
2. "This," said the an-gel "shall be the sign: Laid in a man-ger, the babe di - vine,
3. In - to the cit - y where Christ was born, Hastened the shepherds at ear-ly morn:

Shepherds were watching; when, on their sight, Sudden - ly burst a glo - ri-ous light;
Ye in the cit - y may soon be - hold— Cit - y of Da-vid, the place fore-told."
There, in the man-ger, they saw the Child, Ho - ly, and harmless and un - de-filed.

Lo, from the heavens, an an - gel fair Came with a message to meet them there;
Sud-den - ly then with the an - gel bright, Mul - ti - tudes fair of the hosts of light,
Come! let us seek him who came to earth; Let us re - joice in his low - ly birth;

While they were trembling with fear and dread, These were the words that the angel said:
Has - ten their ju - bi - lant notes to raise, Joining their cho - rus of joy and praise.
Spread the good news of the Sa-viour's love; Join the glad song of the hosts a - bove.



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Spring

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — T. R. BOWDEN

Allegro

1. The wak - ing flow'rs, the sing - ing birds, Proclaim the joy - ous spring;
2. The rip - pling laugh - ter of the brook, The blos - som - la - den trees,
3. The sow - er scat - ters pre-cious grain For reap - ing by and by;

The ver - y air is full of praise, Let hap - py chil - dren sing.
The nod - ding blades of ten - der grass, Their great Cre - a - tor please.
Life's spring-time is its sow - ing - time, A sow - er, too, am I.

CHORUS

Sing prais - es to the lov - ing Lord, Who lives in light on high,

For all the to - kens of the spring, In earth, and air and sky.

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Summer

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — O. T. WREN

1. The long, long days of sum - mer, The sun - ny days are here;
2. The glow - ing heat of noon - tide, The hush of eve-ning's calm,
3. In life's fair sum - mer weath - er, Oh, may we look to thee;

The ri- p'ning grain is bend - ing, The air is soft and clear.
Re - mind us of thy pres - ence, To thee we raise our psalm.
And when the storms o'er-take us, Our Ref - uge thou shalt be.

CHORUS

O God, thy ten - der mer - cies Like eve - ning dews de - scend;

Thou giv - est rain and sun - shine, On thee our hopes de - pend.

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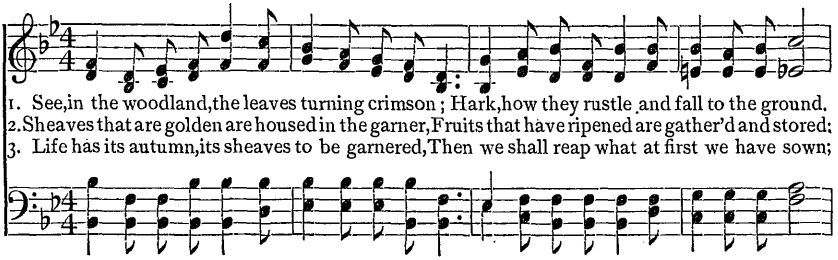
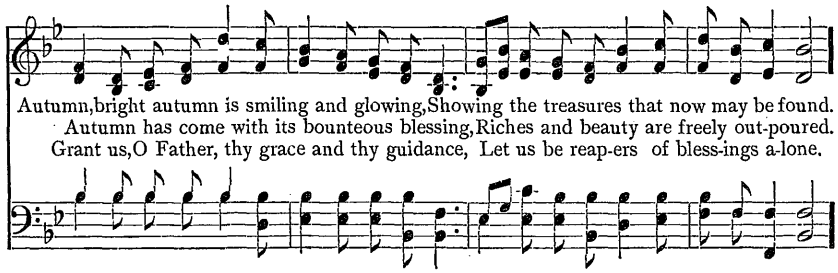
Autumn

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

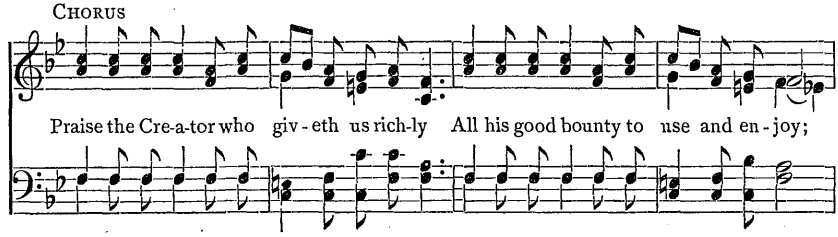


1. See, in the woodland, the leaves turning crimson; Hark, how they rustle and fall to the ground.
2. Sheaves that are golden are housed in the garner, Fruits that have ripened are gather'd and stored;
3. Life has its autumn, its sheaves to be garnered, Then we shall reap what at first we have sown;

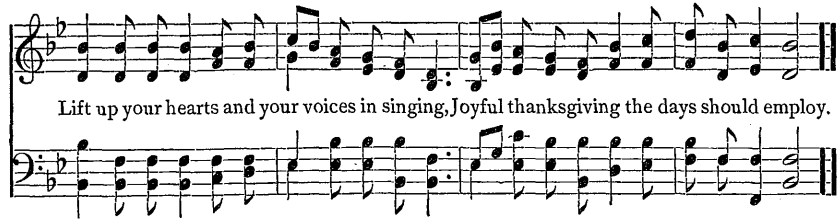


Autumn, bright autumn is smiling and glowing, Showing the treasures that now may be found.
Autumn has come with its bounteous blessing, Riches and beauty are freely out-poured.
Grant us, O Father, thy grace and thy guidance, Let us be reap-ers of bless-ings a-lone.

CHORUS



Praise the Cre-a-tor who giv-eth us rich-ly All his good bounty to use and en-joy;



Lift up your hearts and your voices in singing, Joyful thanksgiving the days should employ.

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Winter

JULIA H. JOHNSTON — D. B. TOWNER

1. Wel-come, wel-come, roy-al win-ter, All in white and crystal dressed,
2. Soft-ly, soft-ly falls the cov-'ring Of the white and glist'ning snow;
3. When for me life's win-ter com-eth, May my heart but stronger grow;

King at last of all the sea-sons, Wear-ing jew-els on thy breast.
Seeds of grain and flow-er-root-lets, Hide in safe-ty far be-low.
May the fruits in au-tumn gathered, Last thro' all the time of snow.

CHORUS

Win-ter, win-ter, roy-al win-ter, Puls-es tin-gle, hearts are light;

Prais-es to the gracious Giv-er, For the sea-son cold and bright.

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Only a Parting Word

D. B. Towner

1. On - ly a part - ing word, Then we must go;
2. Here may the dew of love Ten - der - ly fall;
3. Fain would we lin - ger yet, Hap - py with you,

When we shall meet a - gain, Ah, who can know?
God bless our Sun - day - school, God bless you all.
Yet must we haste a - way, Teach - ers, a - dieu.

Chorus

Kind - ly re - mem - ber us, When we de - part;

Hide us to bloom a - gain, Deep in your heart.

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CHURCH HYMNS

America

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
  The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King!

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

Antioch

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
  Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
  And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
  Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
  Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
  Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
  Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
  And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
  And wonders of his love.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Autumn

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
  Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
  Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
  Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I 'm fixed upon it,
  Mount of God's unchanging love!

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
  Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
  Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
  Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
  Interposed with precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
  Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
  Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
  Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; O take and seal it,
  Seal it from thy courts above.

Balerma

O for a heart to praise my God,
  A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
  So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

— *Charles Wesley.*

Bethany

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

— *Sarah F. Adams.*

Bunyan

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then;

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—*Jemima Luke.*

Christmas

Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

—*Philip Doddridge.*

Coronation

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

—*Edward Perronet.*

Dennis

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

—*John Fawcett.*

Eventide

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me
to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

—*Henry F. Lyte.*

Ewing

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

—*John M. Neale, Tr.*

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy

Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, ev'ry tender tie,
Jesus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

Hamburg

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Happy Day

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
CHO.

'T is done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
CHO.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?
CHO.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
CHO.

—Philip Doddridge.

Hebron

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
In every case, still watch and pray.

'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
Tho' tho't be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

Depend on him — thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith — it shall be done.

Holy Night

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin mother and Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace!
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

Horton

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore, will not say thee nay.
Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith, —
Let me die thy people's death.

—John Newton.

Hursley

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

—*John Keble.*

I Love to Tell the Story

I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS

I love to tell the story,
'T will be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story;
'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'T will be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

—*Katherine Haulsey.*

Irby

Once in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger, for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

—*Cecil F. Alexander.*

Italian Hymn

Come, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Jewett

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.

Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt;
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

—*Jane Borthwick, Tr.*

Lenox

Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

My God is reconciled:
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Love Divine

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Marching to Zion

Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Martyn

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Mendebras

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Thro' ages joined in tune,
Sing Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

—*Christopher Wordsworth.*

Missionary Hymn

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

—*Reginald Heber.*

My Shepherd

Thou art my Shepherd,
Caring in every need,
Thy little lamb to feed,
Trusting thee still;

In the green pastures low,
Where living waters flow,
Safe by thy side I go,
Fearing no ill.

Or if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,

Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ili.

Nicæa

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be. Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Amen.

—*Reginald Heber.*

Noel

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

—*Isaac Watts.*

O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise:
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life and health and peace.

He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

—*Charles Wesley.*

Olifbant

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro'.
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

—*William Williams.*

Olivet

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

—*Ray Palmer.*

Pleyel's Hymn

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

—*John Cennick.*

Rathbun

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

—*John Bowring.*

Sabbath Morn

Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;

From our wordly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

—*John Newton.*

Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear thy children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
Early let us turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour
With thy love our bosoms fill,
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us—love us still.

—*Henry F. Lyte.*

St. Bernard

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

—*John Newton*

St. Gertrude

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,—
See, his banners go.

CHORUS

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided:
All one body we:
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;

Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King,
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

—*Sabine Baring-Gould.*

Toplady

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

—*Augustus M. Toplady.*

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

—*William Cowper.*

Tours

When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We 'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

—*John King.*

Vesper Hymn

Christmas music merrily wakes the echoes;
Hark! hark! how it freights the air;
While the storm-king holds his wildest revels,
Flings, flings snow-drifts everywhere;
From the belfry in the tower,
In the chapel on the hill,
Harmony descends like silver shower,
Or like sweetly flowing rill.

Christmas music merrily wakes the echoes;
Hark! hark! o'er the city's streets;
Pealing clearly while the snow is falling,
Pure, pure, cov'ring all it meets;
The cathedral's deep-toned thunder
Joins a sweetly chiming bell,
And the passer, lost in joy and wonder,
Lists what metal tongues can tell.

Christmas music merrily wakes the echoes;
Hark! hark! sounding far and near;
Happy children lend their flute-like voices,
Praise, praise Christmas joy and cheer;
Sweetest music of the heart-strings,
Swept by fingers skilled by love,
Gives to life a charm so true, endearing,
Earth becomes like heav'n above.

Warrington

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Wellesley

There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*Frederick W. Faber.*

Webb

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

Woodworth

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am! thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

Work, for the Night is Coming

Work, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

—*Anna L. Coghill.*

NEW WORDS TO OLD TUNES

PRAISE

God the Giver

TUNE: "Mendebras." "O Day of Rest and Gladness."

O world of light and glory!
  O sky of cloud and blue!
The daily song and story
  Is ever fresh and new.
Then let us join the chorus
  With voices glad and clear;
His love is watching o'er us,
  Who sees afar and near.

The trees and grass and flowers,
  The birds that sing his praise,
The gentle summer showers,
  The shining autumn days,
From God's own hand are given,
  In loving bounty free.
He made the earth and heaven,
  He dwells with you and me.

He gave the precious treasure
  Of home and loved ones dear,
The blessing and the pleasure
  That crown each happy year.
And O, beyond our telling,
  The love of Christ he gave,
All other love excelling,
  To comfort and to save.

Happy Children

TUNE: "Harwell."

We are children, happy children,
  Singing, singing as we go.
'T is our Father's hand that leads us,
  Leads us through this world below.
When a sinful world around us
  Tempts our little feet to stray,
By his Spirit he will keep us
  In the straight and narrow way.

If we try to follow Jesus,
  Try to serve him here below,
Where he lives and reigns forever,
  Singing, singing we shall go.
We are children, happy children,
  Singing, singing as we go;
'Tis our Father's hand that leads us,
  Leads us though this world below.

He Knows

TUNE: "There is a Fountain."

When Jesus came, long years ago,
  A little child was he,
And all that children feel and know,
  He knows and feels for me.

In joy or fear to him I call,
  He leads me day by day;
His heart can understand it all,
  What I can never say.

His love will shelter and defend,
  And ever grows more dear;
I never am without a Friend,
  For Jesus Christ is near.

What precious treasure can I bring?
  What labor of my hands?
A faithful, humble following
  Is all his love demands.

Our King

TUNE: "Italian Hymn."

The busy, pleasant day
Has softly passed away
  On sunset wing;
And twilight shadows throng
To hear our even-song,
Its thankful strain prolong
  To Christ, our King.

Unlike the kings of earth,
He was of lowly birth,
And humble name.
But all his life was spent
On thoughts of love intent;
Where'er his footsteps went,
A blessing came.

The poor, the sick, and old,
In hunger, want and cold,
He loved them all.
No words can e'er express
His heavenly tenderness;
He still can save and bless
The souls that call.

And he is with us now;
O let our spirits bow
His love to meet.
Our Brother and our Friend,
Whose kingdom has no end,
On whom our hearts depend
In trust complete.

Praise the Lord

TUNE: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

The world is full of voices
That sing our Father's praise.
Each flower and leaf rejoices
Through all the nights and days.
The morning light so tender,
The clouds with one accord,
And evening's starry splendor,
They bless and praise the Lord.

His praise the birds are singing,
With notes of thankful love;
Their joyful tribute bringing,
From every field and grove.
The rivers chant his praises,
The great mysterious sea
Its mighty song upraises,
In anthem wild and free.

Then let us join the chorus,
His praise may children sing;
His watchful love is o'er us,
Awake or slumbering.
He guards and guides us ever,
He gives us daily food;
Oh, may we never, never,
Forget that God is good.

—*E. W. Denison.*

Ring Out the Name of Jesus

TUNE: "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus."

Ring out the name of Jesus,
Let all the people know
'T is Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Who overcomes the foe.
We follow at his bidding,
We trust in him alone,
And lift our loud hosannas
To him upon the throne.

We lift this blood-stained banner,
His precious name we bear,
And pressing to the conflict,
The gospel armor wear.
The shield of faith we carry,
In battling for the right;
His Word of truth our weapon,
His strength our only might.

He knows the dangers round us,
He knows the hidden snare;
Wherever he shall lead us
Is safety, only there.
The power of his salvation
Our joyful song shall be;
We 'll watch and work for Jesus,
His servants, glad and free.

—*E. E. Hewitt.*

Trusting in the Rock of Ages

TUNE: "Rock of Ages."

Rock of Ages, still the same,
Everlasting, bless his name!
Thou on earth o'er sinners wept,
Faithful watch hast ever kept;
To thy sheltering arms I flee,
Sympathy I find in thee.

Rock of Ages, gladly come,
Wanderers, to the Father's home;
Thus the weary, fainting child,
Traveling o'er the desert wild,
'Neath thy grateful shadows flee,
Rest and strength receive from thee.

Rock of Ages, from thy side,
All who in the Rock abide
May receive a full supply;
Can with perfect faith draw nigh;
Thirsting souls, the waters see,
Sweet, refreshing, come from thee.

Rock of Ages, firm, secure,
Nothing else can thus endure
Storm and tempest; ages gone,
Still unmoved, the shock hath borne;
Thou, my righteousness I see,
All my hopes are built on thee.

Rock of Ages, thou alone,
Through eternal years art known;
While the endless cycles roll,
Rock and refuge of my soul,
Rest and joy awaiteth me,
Heaven and home are found in thee.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

PRAYER

Child's Consecration Hymn

TUNE—"Woodworth."

"Just as I am," thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Saviour dear, I come, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart, I come, I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to thee I come, I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come, I come.

Lift Up Your Heart

TUNE—"How Gentle God's Commands."

I lift my heart to thee,
A thankful, happy heart;
Oh, keep my spirit pure and free,
Of thine own life a part.

And let me faithful be
In all I do or say;
Give me clear eyes, that I may see
The right and perfect way.

I trust thee, O my God,
I lay my hand in thine,
To walk with thee my life-long road,
This blessed fate is mine.

—*E. W. Denison.*

Of Such Is the Kingdom

TUNE—"Aletta."

I will pray and never fear,—
Children to our Lord are dear.
He was once a little child,
Oh, how gentle, meek and mild!

If like Jesus I would be,
He will help and comfort me.
Mothers brought the children near,
All his blessed words to hear.

Never were they sent away;
Welcome ever, day by day;
Sweet the reason that was given,
Childlike hearts are close to heaven.

In his presence if I dwell,
All is peace and all is well.
What I need, his love can give;
He will show me how to live.

—*E. W. Denison.*

SERVICE

Buy the Truth and Sell It Not

TUNE: "Dare to be a Daniel."

"Boys will all be boys," they say
People worldly wise.
But these boys make men, some day,
And all our laws devise.

CHORUS

Dare be firm for temperance,
Buy the precious truth;
Sell it not, for men are wanted,
Grown from loyal youth.

Work and pray that right may reign,
Help defeat the wrong;
Fight the "drink fiend," let him gain
No hold among our throng.—CHO.

Say, what kind of boys will make
Men of noble worth?
Those who scatter, in their wake,
Good seed as they go forth.—CHO.

Strive for purity and truth,
Live it every day.
Early in the days of youth,
Learn wisdom's pleasant way.—CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

How To Grow Like Jesus

TUNE—"Near the Cross."

Looking upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

CHORUS

Growing up, growing up,
More and more like Jesus,
Learning every day from him
How to grow like Jesus.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.—CHO.

Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Doing better every day,
Growing purer, kinder.—CHO.

Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.—CHO.

Hymn for Harvest

TUNE: "Ring the Bells of Heaven."

Joyous bands are meeting all our ranks among,
Gathering in a harvest for the Lord;
Come, with hearty greeting for the old and young,
All who 've wrought according to his word.

CHORUS

Willing service, sacrifice or gift,
Daily offerings, while our prayers we lift,
These we give the Master, who from heaven came,
Now, we offer praises in his name.

Praise him for the presence of the King of kings
In the service which "his own" relieves;
For the joy and gladness willing service brings,
Off'ring which the Lord himself receives.—CHO.

For the harvest golden, praise devout we give;
And a portion, with a joy supreme,
We bestow on others, bid them look and live,
For our Christ all nations shall redeem.
—CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

Juniors' Rallying Song

TUNE — "Marching Through Georgia."

Peal the gospel tidings forth, with happy shout and song;
Sing it till we gain a chorus "fifty thousand strong."
Happy band of Junior Soldiers gathering all along;
Onward we 're marching to victory.

CHORUS

Then sing the chorus, shout the victory,
Glad songs of Christ, who makes us pure and free;
Joyful spread the tidings, till we reach the crystal sea;
Then shout with angels in glory.

Never heed the shouts derisive from the hosts of sin;
Foes among them always say our cause can never win.
Following our Captain, we shall surely enter in;
Christ always leads on to victory.—CHO.

Happy band of Junior Soldiers, once again we meet;
Reenforcements added, with no record of defeat,
Though opposing powers unite, to make our ranks retreat,
Onward we march, sure of victory.
— CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

Music of the Christmas Bells

TUNE — "The Gospel Bells are Ringing."

The bells chime "Happy Christmas!"
We know the joy they bring,
As, with the glad, sweet story
In blest accord we sing.
The "peace, good-will," for ages,
Shall echo and resound,
Till age and youth and childhood
Repeat the joyful sound.

CHORUS

Oh, Christmas bells, ring ever,
Till all the world around,
The joyful soul of music,
Shall to his name resound!

This song of joy and gladness,
Our bands must speed away,
To children who ne'er heard it,
The news of Christmas day.
Till millions swell the chorus,—
In unison will chime,
The glad, sweet bells at Christmas,
In every distant clime.— CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

Only a Messenger

TUNE — "Only an Armor Bearer."

Only a messenger, yet ready am I
Sweetly to answer with the prompt reply,
Master, the message that thou givest me,
Gladly will I carry, blessed Lord, for thee.

CHORUS

Hear now the ringing call, "Shine, brightly shine,
Bearing the light of love, kindled above."
Though but a messenger, yet I am thine,
Saviour, with all my heart, I'll do my part.

Only a messenger, yet bravely I go,
Scattering brightness just the best I know;
Smiling and happy as the day is long,
Driving back the tear-drops with some happy song. — CHO.

Only a messenger, yet honored am I
Serving the King of kings, the Lord most high;
Faithful I'll try to be until the end,
For the God of Love is my dear Lord and Friend. — CHO.

—*M. Alice Metcalf.*

Send The Light

TUNE — "Sweet By and By."

There are lands far away o'er the sea,
Where in darkness are souls seeking light,
And the call comes to you and to me,
Who have learned of the way pure and right.

CHORUS

Send the light all the way,
That the marvelous glory divine
Turn the darkness to day,
Till the whole world for Jesus shall shine.

In the darkness of error they grope,
And the Saviour in whom we abide
Cannot cheer with one bright ray of hope,
Till we teach them to walk by his side.
—CHO.

"Bearing light" is a part we may do,
Holding high that its beams reach afar,
So the light of the truth shine anew,
Gleaming forth from the bright "Morning Star."—CHO.

Those who lead souls by light all divine,
Those who tell of God's wonderful love,
As the stars evermore they shall shine,
In the brightness of glory above.
—CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

The Children's Crusade

TUNE—"Oh, Where Are the Reapers?"

Go call ye the children, we want them all
To join in our army, both great and small;
We're fighting to conquer the hosts of sin,
With Christ for our Captain, we're sure to win.

CHORUS

Come, all ye children, without delay,
Enlist in the army of the Lord to-day,
Oh, come then, helpless, with all your might,
To conquer evil by doing right.

There's love from our Captain to children dear;
Then why not the call to his army hear?
Be ready to-day to be mustered in
And take a firm stand as a foe of sin.
—CHO.

By day and by night we will battle wrong,
And follow our Leader with shout and song.
Then come, and his banner of love will wave,
And some from the strongholds of sin we 'll save.—CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

The Juniors' Battle Hymn

TUNE—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

Hear the call for volunteers,
In the army of the Lord,
Youthful soldiers are enlisting now for life.
Lo! a throng of loyal hearts
Beat responsive to the word,
Christ, our Captain, leading onward in the strife.

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our League is marching.
See the band of earnest youth;
And beneath our banner bright,
We may scatter gleams of light;
Shine for Christ, and spread the knowledge of the truth.

We must keep the life each day
Free from sin, and faithful prove;
Speak the words of truth, and do the kindly deed,
Conquer self, and every thought,
Purely ruled by Christian love,
Seeking help of Christ, to meet our daily need.—CHO.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

SPECIAL

Song of Welcome

FOR CONVENTIONS

TUNE—"Sunshine in My Soul."

Happy children of the heavenly King,
Gathered now from far and near,
With united voice his praise we sing,
Who lends a listening ear.

CHORUS

While we welcome, gladly welcome
Kindred spirits of the royal line,
With the songs of heaven,
And light of life within
Let our joy abound and shine.

Gather trophies, give the cheering word,
More and more of Jesus know,
While we speak the praises of our Lord,
Who guides our steps below.

CHO.—Now we welcome, gladly welcome, etc.

Wise are those who precious souls may win,
Let us seek the gift divine;
All the pure in heart, the free from sin
For Jesus still may shine.

CHO.—Welcome ever, gladly welcome, etc.

In the home our light may shine so bright,
Other hearts, with joy supreme,
May, beneath the beams of purest light,
See Jesus doth redeem.

CHO.—They will welcome, gladly welcome, etc.

Precious Word, a lamp to pilgrims' feet,
And the Spirit in the heart,
With a fervent prayer, we now entreat,
Christ, his best gifts to impart.

CHO.—Making welcome, gladly welcome, etc.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

Mizpah

CLASS RECITATION:—

Guarded by his presence,
Absent though we be
Each one from the other,
God the heart can see.

All the life is precious,
All the love we feel,
Every earnest purpose,
Each to "lift" he 'll seal.

So our prayer, united,
Now, in faith we 'll raise,
"Watch between us always,"
And thy name we 'll praise.

LEADER:—The Lord bless thee and keep thee, etc.

RESPONSE:—

TUNE "Ascension," No. 64, Epworth Hymnal.

Let this benediction from the "Three in One,"
Be to every member in its fulness known,
May the Lord of Glory bless and keep "his own,"
Light redemption's story from his gracious throne,
Countenance uplifted, 'neath the radiant crown,
Through the heavens, rifted, may sweet peace flow down.

—*Emma Frances Barrows.*

Good Night

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne," (suitable for close of a children's entertainment).

Before our kind and generous friends,
Our little part we 've played,
And now, to all our listeners here,
Our thanks must be conveyed.

CHORUS

Good-night, dear friends, good night, good-night,
Our entertainment o'er,
We needs must speak the words again,
So often heard before.

Our hearts are glad, our spirits high,
In all things we rejoice;
The words that sometimes bring a sigh,
We sing with cheerful voice.—CHO.

A brief good-by, to meet again,
Is all we say to-night;
God keep us all, and give us sleep,
Till breaks the morning light.

LAST CHORUS

Good-night, dear friends, good-night, good-night,
Now let the curtain fall,
The closing moment comes at last,
And so, good-night to all.

—*Julia H. Johnston.*

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